

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
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VOL. COLXVI.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

FAREWELL.

Mother, with unbowed head
 Hear thou across the sea
 The farewell of the dead,
 The dead who died for thee.
 Greet them again with tender words
 and grave,
 For, saving thee, themselves they could
 not save.

To keep the house unharmed
 Their fathers built so fair,
 Deeming endurance armed
 Better than brute despair,
 They found the secret of the word that
 saith
 "Service is sweet, for all true life is
 death."

So greet thou well thy dead
 Across the homeless sea,
 And be thou comforted
 Because they died for thee.
 Far off they served, but now their deed
 is done
 For evermore their life and thine are
 one.

The Spectator.

Henry Newbolt.

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

When I am dead, I will bequeath to
 you
 Some little things you loved—who loved
 me too.
 The great things God remembers—let
 them lie
 Hidden by Him from every mortal eye,
 But these are little things that you will
 prize,
 Who looked at me with tender human
 eyes.
 Only a smile, perhaps—a word—a
 tear—
 A trick of manner infinitely dear,
 A foolish jest, by others soon forgot,
 Just as it chanced they loved—or loved
 me not!
 But at the great, triumphant, judgment
 day,
 When, in His balance, God shall rise
 and weigh

This poor, weak soul of mine, naked
 and dumb,
 And find it wanting! then, I pray you
 come,
 Cast in these "little things," say, "By
 this tear
 I gauged her tenderness, see, it is shin-
 ing here!
 This was her touch—this sunshine was
 her smile,
 That brightened life for me a little
 while.
 Her love was all she had—she gave
 her best,
 We missed her when she entered into
 rest.
 God, clothe her soul with beauty! grant
 her wings!
 Weigh down the balance with these
 'little things.'"

So, when I die, I will bequeath to you
 Those gifts you loved—because you
 loved me too.

C. R. Glasgow.

The Thrush.

EARLY COMMUNION.

O come, and drink of Love's far-vin-
 tagged wine,
 And feel it tingle to thy heart anew;
 Come whilst the lower lawns are
 drenched with dew
 And all the strength of day is sweet
 and fine!
 When being, concentrated at the
 Shrine,
 Is mist, trembling with light, pierced
 through and through,
 Involved mysteriously with scent and
 hue
 Of the fresh dawn;—when the dear
 birds combine
 Beyond an open porch to hymn the
 day
 And swell the burdening sweetness
 with their lay;
 When self, oblation free, is rendered
 up
 And deep essential joy flows from the
 Cup;
 When Earth is Heaven and the Heaven
 is low—
 'Tis then we live and breathe, we feel
 —we know!

THE CONFERENCE AND THE COUNTRY.

The country is at present engaged in trying a novel experiment; novel, that is, in recent political history and never very common in the business of politics. In commerce it is an everyday matter, and half the legal disputes which arise are settled amicably out of court. But, though we are a nation of business men, we have an odd dislike of business methods in our government. To compromise, to confer, even to hint at the possibility of conference, seems to our party stalwarts a confession of weakness, not, perhaps, without a hint of moral *défaillance*. The feeling, honorable enough in a sense, arises from our curious confusion of moral and political issues. Compromise in the sphere of ethics is a very different thing from the humdrum adjustments of the business world. To tamper with the stern categories of the moral law may be evidence of a perverted soul, and in any event is an intricate and heart-breaking enterprise. But to try to understand an adversary's point of view, to content ourselves, for the sake of an ultimate good, with less than we think we can lawfully claim, is surely a proof of good sense and good feeling. In these obscurantist days it is pleasant to contemplate a practice which recognizes the importance of reason. The essence of compromise is that a man, instead of denouncing his neighbor's point of view, makes an effort to understand it. Knowing that a quiet life is worth a sacrifice, he forgoes for its sake something which, in spite of all the mutual enlightenment which conference gives, he may still think he has a right to. Every one knows that in private life a politician may be appreciative of his adversaries, and very candid in admitting their merits. It is only on the party platform that he draws the world as a

device in snow and ink. Political compromise is in effect the resolve in some matter of great national concern to drop the party standpoint for a little, and look squarely at a question like reasonable men. It is a method with many successes in its record. The United States of America and a united South Africa are examples of what can be done in the way of sinking differences if opponents mean business and try to understand each other. Settlement by conference is possible only for men who are sure of themselves, who are confident in their cause and their good intentions, and are not afraid of the arbitrament of reason. Those who write "No compromise" on their banners are usually the feckless mercenaries in the wars of humanity.

But conference is impossible unless certain conditions are present. The first of these is that both parties to a conference should hold the same kind of general principles with regard to the matter in dispute. A Jacobite and a Jacobin would get no further forward in a discussion on the monarchy; their points of view would be circles never intersecting. Jack Sprat and his wife could never compromise upon a common diet. The conferring parties need not have the same creed, but their creeds must be based on the same kind of axiom and similar habits of mind. In the second place both parties must have certain free assets to bargain with, certain views which they value, but which for the sake of agreement they are willing to jettison. A stern Calvinist and a staunch Roman Catholic will never by conferring arrive at a common dogma, for neither has any dialectical small change with which to buy the other's assent. These bargaining assets must be of some intrinsic value, otherwise there is no sacrifice:

and they must not be the most valued possessions of the parties, for in that case neither will part with them. Finally, the parties must enter a conference both with the honest intention of striving to reach a settlement, and with full powers to determine its nature. A conference where on one side or the other there is no desire for peace becomes, like the famous Bloemfontein Conference, only a form of political manifesto. Its success lies in its failure. And, again, a conference where the participants are not free is a waste of time. You cannot be expected to go very far in understanding an opponent's point of view if you begin the discussion under oath not to recognize it. As well might a simple clergyman, bound by the Thirty-nine Articles, attempt to settle with some Moslem dignitary a common religion for the world.

Let us briefly examine the antecedents of the present Conference to see if they fulfil the conditions we have sketched. We may take the third for granted, and assume that the eight gentlemen now in session are honorably anxious for a settlement and free, so far as any formal obligation goes, to make their own terms. With regard to the first, it is reasonable to assume that the two traditional English parties share the same fundamental political creed. Liberal and Conservative differ not so much in principle as in details, in the emphasis which they put upon various problems, in their sense of relative values, and in temperament. All the greater names in our parliamentary history, Chatham and Burke, Canning and Peel, even Disraeli and Gladstone, are the classics of both parties. If we take the constitutional question alone we do not find any great difference in principle. With the exception of a few extremists, Liberals and Conservatives still believe in a Second Chamber with functions of revision and delay, as they admit the practical su-

periority in power of a Lower House. It is on the details that we are quarrelling—the right interpretation of the consequences of certain changes, the best way of remedying certain admitted defects. Here at any rate is a good basis for discussion.

As to the second condition—the free assets to bargain with—we can only judge after a short review of the actual situation. The Conservative admits that the House of Lords as it stands to-day might be a better revising body than it is. Its almost exclusively hereditary constitution, though he will not admit anything necessarily wrong with the hereditary principle, obviously makes it distrusted by that section of the people who consider popular election a *sine qua non* in democratic government. Further, ever since the Home Rule split it has been too much the preserve of one particular party. Before that a Liberal Prime Minister often commanded a majority in the Lords; now he can rarely muster more than a fifth of the House. Hence as a revising body it will be apt to be unduly severe on Liberal measures and unduly lax on Conservative ones. He is therefore perfectly willing to see it reformed, provided the reformers remember that our Constitution is the slow growth of time, and are careful to preserve what is of living value while pruning off the dead boughs. But he believes in an Upper House with full powers of revision in every department of administration. Such revision is not final, since, if the people of Britain show themselves after a full consideration hostile to the revisers, the Lords must give way. They do no more than hold a watching brief for the country in case the Lower House, as it has done in the past, is prepared to override its commission. Such revising powers, the Conservative argues, must extend to every kind of legislation, including the finance of the

year; though obviously, since the rejection of a Budget brings the services of the State to a standstill, and must drive a Ministry to resign or dissolve, it is a step to be taken only in the last emergency. To sum up, the Conservative's view is that we must have an Upper Chamber constitutionally co-ordinate with, though in general practice subordinate to, the House of Commons. Our present Second Chamber admittedly needs reform, and he is open to discuss ways and means.

It is less easy to summarize the Liberal argument, because the party has been apt to speak with divers tongues. Liberals emphasize the necessity for reform. At present, they say, the dice are loaded against Liberal policy. But reform is a slow and difficult business, and in the meantime Liberal schemes are hung up, and the country grows impatient. Let us begin, they argue, not by amending the constitution of the House of Lords, but by limiting its functions—a much simpler matter. Let us deprive it of all power over the Budget of the year, with due precautions against tacking; and let us limit its power of rejection to measures sent up no oftener than twice from the Commons. The sending up of a Bill a third time must mean its automatic passing into law. Now it should be noted that these provisions of this year's Parliament Bill do not with the majority of Liberals really represent a considered and final theory of a Second Chamber. The weightier members of the Cabinet have made no secret of their desire for a reformed Upper House—an Upper House which should be a revising body for Conservative as well as Liberal Bills. Under the Parliament Bill there is no real remedy for the chief Liberal grievance; for Conservative measures would still pass automatically and Liberal measures be delayed, and in certain cases, of course, rejected. During the last election in

many staunch Radical constituencies in Scotland and the North of England the so-called "limited Veto" policy was scarcely argued; what appealed to the electors was the policy of reform. It may fairly be said that, apart from the small body of unicameral enthusiasts, there is no desire to regard the Parliament Bill as a settlement. It was a tactical measure, and there lay its strength. Reform is a slow and difficult business, capable of endlessly dividing opinion. But to limit the Veto is a thing any one can understand. If the alleged feeling against the Peers was to be properly exploited for party purposes, then some simple and speedy policy must be propounded. To confuse the popular mind with the intricacies of reform would be, in the words of a Radical weekly, "selling the pass."

So the battle stood arrayed in the early days of May. The Conservatives argued for the co-ordinate authority of the two Houses—the historical and constitutional point of view, the view which practically every civilized country has given effect to in the creation of Second Chambers. Like the Liberals, they admitted the necessity of reform and invited discussion. To their arguments the Liberals did not oppose a view *in pari materia*. They did not offer a considered theory of a Second Chamber. The majority of Liberals, we believe, certainly the most influential, held views on this subject which differed little (save in one respect which we shall consider later) from those of Conservatives. They opposed, instead, a scheme of tactics. Tactically as a party they thought it good business to demand a limitation of functions, a limitation which many of them flattered themselves would only be temporary. Reform would come later, but in the meantime they must cheer on their followers with some simple, tangible policy. Now we are far from saying that in so deciding the Liberal

party were not well within their rights. Undoubtedly "abolition of Veto" is a better popular battle-cry than Reform, and appeals more quickly to passions aroused by the anti-Peers campaign at the last election. The Liberal organizers understood their work.

But something has happened since the beginning of May which has altered the complexion of the case. The death of King Edward has compelled a *moratorium*, and has probably awakened in the British democracy a certain sentiment for the historic side of our Constitution which, to put it at the lowest, weakens the Liberal crusade. Immediate action was of the essence of their bold frontal tactics, and they have been forced to wait. The enthusiasm of the General Election has waned, and by the time that an autumn crusade could begin the whole business would need to be started afresh. It would be a difficult task to blow into flame again the cold ashes of the Budget League. Purely on tactical grounds we should have thought it wise to look for some other way.

This enforced delay has made the Conference possible. We can now enquire whether our second condition is present—the free assets to bargain with. First, for the Liberal party. As we have seen, they have not advanced any final intelligible doctrine of the constitution of a Second Chamber. They have made a tactical move, designed to postpone reform till some more convenient season. Now it is an open question whether such tactics are any longer of much value. If persisted in, they will, of course, keep the country in a ferment for an indefinite time, but he would be a bold man who would prophesy the issue. Even if successful they would get us no step further in true reform. Indeed, they put the Liberal party in a false position, and commit it to a crude constitutional theory which the majority,

as we believe, and certainly the ablest, of its members do not hold. The acceptance of the Conference by the Prime Minister is a virtual admission that the Parliament Bill is not the last word in Liberal policy. The free asset for the Liberal party to bargain with is the tactical measure of a "limited Veto."

The Conservatives have, in turn, that one point, already alluded to, in which their general doctrine differs from that of thoughtful Liberals—the right of veto over the finance of the year. We would not be thought to minimize the importance of this point. Finance is the most vital part of all legislation. It is the simplest and most effective medium for revolutionary changes. Any skilled draughtsman can frame a Finance Bill—without a suspicion of tacking—which would nationalize the land and the railways, equalize all fortunes, pauperize the population, give Home Rule to Ireland, and disendow the Church of England in a few clauses. The battles of the future, between Socialism and Constitutionalism, are likely to be fought on the Budget alone. Can a Conservative, it may be asked, consent to give the exclusive use of this tremendous weapon to a House of Commons which a turn of the wheel may make both revolutionary and unrepresentative. We admit the danger, but we think it must be faced. If tacking in its grosser form (for some degree of tacking there must always be) is excluded by a competent tribunal, the Budget proper is alone left, and against a revolutionary Budget the safeguard must be the common sense of the nation. We believe that in such a case the pressure exercised from outside upon Minister and member would make such a measure impossible, assuming that the nation were disinclined for it. The Budget affects all classes and is far more keenly scrutinized than any other type of Bill, so that there is am-

ple room for the exercise of such pressure. If the nation were really inclined for wild experiment, then no Second Chamber, though it spoke with the tongues of men and angels, could long dispute the popular will.

We conclude, then, that in the present Conference there are present the essential conditions of agreement. For the moment we are not concerned with the nature of any scheme of reform. We believe that Liberal statesmen, equally with Conservative, are alive to the necessity of conserving what is of value in the present system: of altering, where alteration is needed, in accordance with the spirit of our Constitution. We possess an Upper House which has been the admiration of foreign critics. If we foolishly destroy the work of centuries we cannot re-create it in a month or two. The House of Lords has one cardinal merit as an institution; on the whole it has worked well. It might be made to work better; that is the justification of the Reform policy; but you cannot improve a machine if you begin by scrapping it. Liberal in the party sense it can never be; but it might well be liberal. Conservative in the party sense it is, and should not be; but like all effective Second Chambers it should be conservative. We are concerned, however, with the justification of the Conference and not with any speculation on its result.

The critics of the experiment are not confined to one party. Heady Conservatives declare that they have nothing to surrender, and talk valiantly of forcing their views on the enemy at the sword-point. The unicameral Radicals are naturally hostile, but their quarrel is not with the Conference but with the majority of their own party. A certain number of Liberals are doubtful about the tactics, and hark back longingly to the bluff unreason of the Parliament Bill. They are afraid of concession, because, as they argue, Lib-

eral demands are always pared down unless they are clearly a minimum. "If the first Reform Bill had not been made the Liberal minimum," they say, "there would have been no reform at all." There was never a more misleading parallel. Constitutional reform is one thing and constitutional destruction another. At present we are all agreed upon the need for reform, and are waiting with open minds to discuss ways and means. Had the Liberals in 1832 declared that they would not talk about reform, but insisted on disfranchising the land-owning classes who had abused their power in the past, it would have been a fairly exact parallel to the attitude of the Liberal malcontents. Indeed, the opponents of the Conference, whether Liberal or Conservative, are only justified on the view that their respective parties are the repositories of some Divine revelation. If politics be a matter of human reason, there must be a good deal wrong on both sides, and a good deal right.

If the Conference is justified by the condition of its coming together, it is no less justified by an urgent public need. A war on the subject, if waged to the bitter end, would land all our institutions in the melting-pot. It would, we believe, destroy our party system, which in spite of groups and oddments is still very much alive and, as things stand, quite indispensable. It has succeeded in the past because the two great parties have been at one on the fundamentals of government, differing only in details, in emphasis, and in the kind of appeal they thought effective. We have had "his Majesty's Government," but no less, in Lord Broughton's phrase, "his Majesty's Opposition." A cleavage on an essential question, not of policy but of constitutional axiom, will make our traditional balance impossible. It would be only less dangerous than if one party were Monarchists and the other Republicans.

There is no security for the ordinary citizen when a change of Ministry involves such violent oscillations. A further ill effect would be the damage such a war would do to the Liberal party. Already that organization comprises within itself some startling political divergences. If the Parliament Bill were proceeded with, after what has happened, it is difficult to believe that it would not strain the allegiance of the most valuable element in the party. It would in effect be a surrender to the uncameral Radicals, and a surrender not now justified, as it might have been in April, on tactical grounds.

But there is one reason more weighty than any other. No war, however bitterly fought, can be decisive. If the Conference breaks down, and the Parliament Bill is made the cry at a General Election and forced upon the House of Lords, it will be law only so long as the Conservatives are out of office. When the whirligig of time brings them back to power, it is impossible to believe that one of their first duties would not be that of restoring an authoritative Second Chamber. It is a commonplace that to make a great measure permanent you must convince the majority of your opponents. Such conviction may come slowly, as in the case of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, but come it must if the work is not to be undone. For ourselves we cannot conceive of the Conservative party ever acquiescing in a policy which strikes at the very foundations of their faith. This general assent is especially needful in the case of constitutional changes, for there can be no speedy adjustment of the national outlook to embrace them, as happens with a new financial policy. The pinch of the shoe would remain as a perpetual reminder. In altering the Constitution you touch, not the purposes of the machine, but the machine itself. No one can contem-

plate with pleasure the kind of strife which can never issue in victory. And the strife is the more foolish since both sides are so near agreement. In Mr. Galsworthy's play the strikers after a desperate war get no better terms than they could have got weeks before without any suffering. "That's where the fun comes in," is the bitter comment of the Union secretary.

The admission that a Conference is possible and the fact that it is now in session are really admissions that it should be successful. There is no question of either side being false to its principles. The co-ordinate authority of the two Houses is as much a Liberal as a Conservative tradition. Both parties are agreed on the necessity of reforming the Lords, and on the general lines which such a reform should take. No doubt there will be wide differences of opinion on the details, but these differences will cut across party lines, and will not involve the embittered disputes which arise when party loyalty is involved. The British people are good partisans, but they can get too much of party warfare, and they are not very tolerant of unnecessary squabbles. Only a few fanatics and election-agents are perpetually itching for battle. The side which sets the machinery of party in motion for a trivial cause is fairly certain to suffer for it in the long run. We have to-day a situation which above all things calls for reason and good sense. Our constitutional machinery is breaking down in many parts and needs overhauling. Reform of the House of Commons is, from the standpoint of national interest, at least as urgent as reform of the House of Lords. In the work of reconstruction, in which both parties are vitally interested and in which there is a growing agreement, success, as we have argued, is only possible by friendly co-operation. If the party trumpets are to sound over every

detail we shall never get an inch forward. We wish to keep our Constitution intact, King, Lords, and Commons playing their due part in national policy. Of late years the Lower House has been changing its character, and becoming more and more the obedient tool of the Ministry and the party caucus. The crisis of last winter has probably done something to arrest the decline. It is well to emphasize the historic rights of the Commons, even though we may hold that they have

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often been lamentably overstated. But the cause of the Commons is not served by exalting it at the expense of the other House, and so attempting to break up the organic unity of an historic system. It is well to be a House of Commons man, but it is far better to be a Constitution man; for it is to the whole Constitution, and not to any one part of it, that has been entrusted the defence of the safety and liberties of the people.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY IN 1871.

At first sight, an account of experiences dating as far back as 1871 may seem a trifle obsolete in 1910, when, in circumstances that have aroused much sympathy with the brave Oberammergauers, their no longer secluded village has once more been thronged with visitors from near and far. So far as the text of the famous Passion Play is concerned, there would, indeed, be no difficulty in proving that no practical difference exists between that of which I was an auditor in 1871 and that to which many thousands of younger pilgrims have listened in 1910. Some things in scenery and decoration may have been changed—though the distant Alps, which form, as it were, the background of the theatre, and the great plain of the Ammer, which stretches out on the other side, have remained the same. The actors, no doubt, must have changed, one and all of them, with the audiences. When I went out to Oberammergau, it was the year after the great Franco-German War—only a twelvemonth had passed since at Munich I had seen the King of Bavaria (the unhappy Lewis II.) and the Crown Prince (afterwards Emperor Frederick III.) review the Bavarian troops, before they marched out to the conflict

in which they bore themselves so well. One of the soldiers in that army was the Oberammergauer who was cast for the chief part in the Passion Play of that year 1870, and who actually performed it in 1871. Doubtless, there were other Oberammergau peasant actors who had to do their duty as citizens and soldiers in the war; and, in any case, its outbreak made the performance of the play impossible in that year. Since 1871 more than one generation of actors must have succeeded their predecessors at Oberammergau; but the type of the inhabitant of the Bavarian highlands—a type much nearer akin to that of the Tyrolese than to that of the Franconian of northern or the Suabian of south-western Bavaria—is not likely to have altered much. The men are fine fellows, generally better-looking than the women; capital soldiers and amenable to discipline, and, among the rest, to that discipline of education which the priests have known how to administer, and of which the decennial Passion Play has unmistakably been a powerful instrument. No doubt, the comparative remoteness of the district was favorable to the preservation of ancient traditions (not a few of pagan origin); yet the play

itself can hardly but have encouraged an exceptionally tenacious adherence to the rules and usages of the Catholic Faith and strengthened the vitality of its local influence.

With all this, I cannot suppose that the expectations with which most English travellers, at all events, started for Oberammergau in the present year were quite the same as those with which I set forth in 1871. The present is a generation whose imaginative powers have been better trained than ours had been half a century ago. Not a few of us have, in these latter years, found ourselves, more than once, seated in front of a Greek proscenium; the present generation has seen, produced with the learning and spirit characteristic of Mr. William Poel, a genuine medieval English religious play, "Everyman," and has thus had an opportunity of realizing how, in childlike times, a direct appeal might lie to emotions which in some measure admit of being shared by children of a quite unchildlike age. Finally, the affinities between the religious drama, of which the Oberammergau play is an offshoot, and the pageantry, that was part of the religious as well as the general social life of the Middle Ages, are not a few; and English men and women of the present day have been brought to take some interest in pageantry and in the *admonitus* of historical costume. But, even had I enjoyed these advantages in 1871, I should have known that at Oberammergau I was not to be carried back to a genuine birth of medieval times, ideas, and associations. Those who presided over the very beginnings of the Oberammergau play were not medieval monks or townsmen, but ecclesiastics of the seventeenth century. Though it was a peasant community which, under the influence of a primitive religious conception, vowed to heaven the performance of this play, in order to avoid the continuance of a pes-

tilence which in 1633 had invaded the village, and though it was peasants who from the first were the actors, yet the authors of the earliest version of the play were the clergy of the neighboring monastery of Ettal—a body so highly trained that not long afterwards a considerable academy for children of the upper classes was established in their well-to-do domicile. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, every respectable town in this part of Germany had its Passion Play, and the celebrated Sterzing plays discovered in 1860 were of Bavarian origin. These performances were by no means extinguished by the Reformation; and, at least in one case, and probably in more, they continued down into the nineteenth century. They were, however, mere survivals, watered by clerical patronage. On the other hand, neither in Bavaria nor elsewhere in Germany did the school and university drama generally blend with the popular religious drama as it did in England. While the Protestant school drama died out, the Catholic and, in particular, the Jesuit school drama flourished with extraordinary vigor, more especially in Western Germany; from a single province of the Order, that of the Lower Rhine, we have in a period of a century and a half (from 1597 onwards) a bibliography containing no fewer than 503 plays. The authors of these plays—written partly in Latin, partly in the vernacular, but all designed for performance in schools or colleges—had little in common, either in their culture or in their tendencies, with the general progress of the national life; they were not, like some of the monastic Orders of earlier centuries, recognized by the people as nearer akin to them, in thoughts and sentiments as well as in habits of life, than the rest of the clergy. It only remains to add that under the rule of Maximilian I. the influence of one particular Order—the

Jesuits—was predominant in Bavaria, more especially in the education of the higher classes of society.

Thus, though the literary execution of the Oberammergau play was due to the Benedictine monks of Ettal, it was a specimen of the dramatic compositions emanating from the school of the Jesuits, and at the outset far removed from the naïve naturalness of the religious plays of the Middle Ages. The play was acted by peasants for peasants; but these rustic players were from the first drilled, and their theatre was arranged, the words of their play were written, and its music was composed, by agents of a very different kind and degree of culture from that belonging to the men and women who trod the stage or attended as spectators.

Nor is this all. As a matter of course, the scholarly ecclesiastics who compiled the earliest version of the Oberammergau play in 1634, and who no doubt were quite aware that it might prove a considerable attraction to the "sphere of influence" of the Ettal convent, could not fail to include in their composition much that was derived from ancient popular dramatic sources. While they had already adopted the Greek device of a Chorus, and the expedient of introducing, as symbolically illustrating the events of the New Testament story, living pictures recalling episodes in that of the Old, together with interludes of an allegorical character, they had not omitted to preserve other and simpler features, without which the peasant audience would not have deemed the action of the drama as complete. There was, *e.g.*, the Prince of Darkness in council with his principalities and powers; and there was the temptation, by the same evil one, of Judas, with the marvellous issue of a multitude of small fiends from the body of the traitor after his suicide. But these things, and others similarly incongru-

ous with modern taste, though quite in harmony with medieval sentiment and practice, were long since "delted." Indeed, finally, after in the year 1810 the performance of the play had been prohibited by the enlightened Bavarian Government, permission for reviving it had only been secured on condition of everything being removed from the play that was capable of giving offence. This it was thought safest to accomplish by an entire re-writing of the play. Dr. Ottmann Weiss, formerly a monk at Ettal and subsequently parish priest at Jesenwang, undertook the task. He executed it not only in the spirit of a man of light and learning, but also in that of an age which had inherited from its predecessor tendencies to be described (in no censorious spirit) as rationalistic, and at the same time sentimental and opposed to an excess of formalism, while it had not yet been taken possession of by the recent romantic reaction towards medievalism. Thus, on the one hand, a comparatively undogmatic, and, on the other, a decidedly emotional, impress was given to the play. Moreover, Dr. Weiss not only removed all the excrescences upon the Gospel story—with the exception of the expansion of such scenes as the bargain with Judas, which formed mere links in the action—but he also struck out the allegorical interludes, retaining only the *tableaux*. Finally, he changed the verse of the dialogue into prose; a prose which in the latest version is still in the main simple and unaffected, though here and there, especially in the earlier part of the play where the sacred text cannot be so fully followed, a little stilted, especially from the lips of a Bavarian peasant not wholly guiltless of dialect. The prologues to the scenes and the utterances of the Chorus he left in verse—partly rhymed, partly in the antique or quasi-antique metres of Klopstock and his school.

The music was added about the same time, being the work of a composer of the name of Dedler, formerly a chorister, and afterwards schoolmaster, and no doubt choirmaster too, at Oberammergau. Then, in 1830, the stage—following the example of the mystery stage of the early Middle Ages at large—was transplanted from the churchyard to a meadow adjoining the village; and further modifications were made in the play by an accomplished ecclesiastic who was parish priest of the village. Finally, there can be no doubt that as the play became in a sense the property of a much wider community than that of the village and its neighborhood, suggestive criticism made its influence felt with regard to many of the details of the production. Even when I was at Oberammergau, I was informed on good authority that assistance had been given in the scenic arrangements by Munich artists, and, indeed, it was quite obvious, in 1871, that much in the production was imitated from pictures unknown to the flourishing village school of art, and brought to the notice of the managers by men of advanced artistic cultivation.

And if, when forty years ago I entered the auditorium open to the heavens at Oberammergau, I could not forget the history of the play, neither could I ignore the character of the players. Concerning the actor's art, nothing can be more certain than that, more than any other art, it depends upon training; that, by training, a respectable actor can be made out of most sorts of material (not, I admit, out of quite all sorts), and that the training in question is best given by the constant habit of acting in company with the same associates; but that, on the other hand, really fine acting requires either rare genius or at least high and varied cultivation. Now, it might be safely asserted that the Oberammergau players were—for I must be careful to speak of forty years

ago—at that time, of all the theatrical companies in Europe, that which subjected itself to the most constant and the most various system of training. Not only were—and are—they accustomed to what amounts to ten years' rehearsals of their play, but they are practised in the acting of other dramas of various kinds, including the masterpieces of the classical German stage. What is more, they are all of them anxious students of theatrical success; for it is their highest ambition to qualify themselves for a share in the performance which forms the central interest of the life of this unique community. On the other hand, since that community is not large, and membership of it is regarded as an indispensable qualification—while a very strict watch used to be kept, and no doubt continues to be kept, over the unimpeachable character of the aspirants—the choice cannot but be limited; so that, while all or most of the Oberammergauers acquire the qualifications of fair actors, and, while as a matter of course they learn to play well together, very few of them can be expected to become great artists. Moreover, they belong to a race which is not naturally highly endowed for the mimic art, and which labors under some special difficulties with regard to it. The Bavarian peasant of these parts is rather slow and heavy of movement, and, while his countenance is not mobile in expression, his dialect—of course, in the case of men and women alike—has a sing-song sound, conveying a notion of imperturbable good-nature. This sort of dialect, when spoken trippingly on the tongue, adds geniality to domestic comedy or heightens the fun of broad farce; delivered slowly and with emphasis, it suggests the village school-master, or, at the most, the parish priest, and is therefore by no means an easy instrument for use in tragic drama.

The Passion Play, whose dramatic

action is almost solely confined to the representation of the sufferings of our Lord, is composed of three several factors or elements. The least important, and yet one which very effectively contributed to the impression created by the whole, is the Chorus, with whose entrance upon the stage the performance begins. There is no essential difference between the functions of this Chorus and that of Greek tragedy, from which it is derived, except that at Oberammergau the Chorus nowhere takes part in the action or dialogue, while its songs are far more frequent than are the lyrical passages in most Greek plays and take up a much larger amount of time. The object of the Chorus at Oberammergau is, however, besides affording the necessary repose to both performers and spectators, to introduce and explain the symbolical *tableaux* from the Old Testament with which the progress of the action itself is alternated. So far as the former object is concerned, it is most admirably achieved. The great power of music to soothe and relieve the mind without dulling or blunting its activity, and to connect without disturbing thought, is well exemplified by the chants of this Chorus; and the simple, in one or two instances the grand, dignity of the bearing of the members of the Chorus prevents any interruption of the effect thus produced. It was not, of course, possible to choose out of a small village community thirteen figures of imposing appearance; but it was possible to train one and all of them to a nobility of walk and bearing which would not have disgraced the double band of aged Thebans in "Antigone." As to the matter of these songs, much may, of course, have failed to reach the majority of the audience. Even if they heard most of it, they could not have found time for applying the explanations of the symbolism of the ensuing living pictures.

With regard to the symbolical *tableaux* themselves, which constitute the second element in the play, it should, of course, not be forgotten that they are, in a way, a valuable remnant of a very ancient element in medieval religious drama, for it is they which remind us that the original conception of the Mystery was the working-out of the whole plan of God's dealings with man, from the Fall to the triumph over the Fall. This conception being, however, to a great extent lost sight of in the action of the Oberammergau play as it stands, which practically brings before us little more than the Passion of our Lord, and treats the mysterious doctrines of Christianity rather as the awful background to the action than as the theme of the action itself, the mind is distracted rather than aided by these recurring references to prophecy, and to the symbolical foreshadowing of the truths and lessons of the Christian dispensation, as well as to the actual facts of its manifestation on earth. Much of this symbolism suggests the school of theology from which the thought of introducing it was more or less directly derived; much which is more easily intelligible, and which any believing Christian would unhesitatingly accept, is not sufficiently familiar to the untrained mind to warrant its sudden introduction. Thus, while the leave-taking of Tobias, a *tableau* (when I saw it) of much grace and simplicity, very sweetly and naturally introduced the most touching scene of the leave-taking of our Lord from His Blessed Mother, it was not easy to perceive at once the connection between the next *tableau* and the scene of the drama introduced by it. For this scene was concerned with the beautiful farewell of the Messiah to Jerusalem, while the introductory picture represented the marriage of Esther and Ahasuerus; and it was only from the words of the accompanying chorus that we could understand the

connection between the two—viz. that the Lord will choose a better people than that which rejects Him, even as King Ahasuerus chose Esther in the place of Vashti. At the same time, nothing could have been more ingenious or in its way nearer to perfection than the arrangement of these *tableaux*. The art of disposing crowds on the stage, first practised (within modern memory) by the Meiningen actors, and soon afterwards by the late Sir Henry Irving, had become widely known a few years before 1871, and some knowledge of it could not but have reached Oberammergau *via* Munich. In certain appropriate passages of the performance, while the action was in progress in the front of the stage, the back part of it was noiselessly filled, at times by a hundred or two of women and children, grouped with good taste and extraordinary skill, so that the scene rose, of a sudden, as a living picture of wonderful animation, but at the same time unmoved stillness. Some of these living pictures—such as the Descent of Manna in the Wilderness, the Worshipping of the Brazen Serpent, and others—were triumphs of stage management; and hardly any of them, except perhaps one or two in which the scenic accessories were too primitive for a jaded taste, failed to impress us together with the whole audience. The last *tableau* of all, Christ with the Saints in Glory, seemed perhaps the least effective—I say “seemed,” for it is precisely in scenes of this kind that the illusion, which it is impossible for the resources of a rustic theatre to create, has become an ordinary theatrical sensation.

For my part, were it not for the hard fact that it would be out of the question to make the demand implied upon the already overstrained energies of the actors, I should have liked to see one and all of these *tableaux* left out, or relegated (as I believe at one time they used to be) to an alternating perform-

ance. The only relief that one might have welcomed would have been the songs of the Chorus, more or less shortened between the scenes of the action itself. For it is, after all, in the effect of this that the interest of a Passion Play not only centres but consists. A feeling of sincere and single-minded reverence, and a taste on the whole sound and healthy, inclined rather to subdue than to intensify the effects arising out of the situations—at times, perhaps, as is our modern way, to lower the key unduly—have, together with the observant experience of several generations, contributed to give unity as well as dignity to this action. The authors and managers of the Passion Play have resolved above all to concentrate its interest upon its Central Figure, and never, so to speak, to allow the spectator to lose sight of the great motive of the drama—the sufferings of the Redeemer. The meek sad countenance, the sweet gentle personality, is all but continuously before us; and, even could we be diverted from watching it with unbroken sympathy, there is but little in the action to tempt our attention away. With the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem the drama begins, and its progress accompanies Him to Bethany, to the spot whence He surveys the city which has rejected His message, to the house where for the last time He sits among His disciples, to the Mount of Olives, to the tribunals of Annas and Pilate and Herod, among the soldiers who mock and maltreat Him, on His last passage, and to the Cross itself. The action follows the Sacred Body to the grave, it presents the Resurrection and the reappearance in the garden of the risen Redeemer, and His Ascension into glory. These last events pass rapidly before the eye; whereas of the Passion proper it is sought to realize for us each successive incident. And, in my judgment, so far as this action itself is concerned, nothing is dwelt upon

at too great a length (except perhaps, where compression would have been easy, the proceedings of the Sanhedrin; whereas the Pilate and the Herod scenes are alike intensely interesting), while nothing is omitted that is needed for giving completeness to the remembrance of the Gospel narrative. On the same principle, however, the authors of the Passion Play did not scruple to abstain from exciting too vivid an interest in other characters of the drama. Thus, above all, the Blessed Virgin appears before us neither frequently nor prominently; the relation of our Lord to the Apostle whom He loved is merely indicated; St. Peter again, though his conduct at the several stages of the Passion is fully developed, is in no other way put forward as distinguished among his fellow-disciples. There is an utter and absolute absence—or there was when I saw the play—of any attempt to illustrate, or even to suggest, any other lesson than those which bear on the one subject of the drama—the Passion of our Lord; and there is not the slightest endeavor to improve the occasion from a doctrinal point of view, as in that medieval gem, "Everyman." Finally, supernatural agency is most sparingly employed—though the angelic presence is, of course, introduced both in Gethsemane and at the tomb.

If the general scheme of the drama merits high approval, the execution, so far as arrangement, distribution of action, and management of ocular effect are concerned, was, when I was a spectator, of singular, indeed of surprising, completeness. The course of the action is varied and at times complicated; but there is no confusion, no lack of harmonious co-operation, and no failure as to the subordination of secondary to central effect. The opening scene, which represented first the gathering of a crowd which swelled into a multitude round the portals of the Tem-

ple; then the entry of Jesus, meekly riding through the shouting throng, followed by His disciples; then the expulsion from the Temple of the buyers and sellers, prepared us for the admirable execution of all the subsequent scenes. The scene in which our Lord washes the feet of His disciples was marked by a simplicity and at the same time dignity of management which gave proof of something more than perfectly good taste. The solemn stillness of the night watch on the Mount of Olives and the rough tumult of the mob demanding the surrender of the Saviour were not less strikingly presented; and to look upon the passage to Golgotha and upon the last and most solemn scene of all was to lose oneself in the contemplation of an art asserting itself as the sister art of painting and sculpture in efforts which have called forth in turn the rapt sympathy and the reverent awe of succeeding generations. Doubtless, while nothing could surpass the exquisite tenderness of the scene in which the Redeemer is lowered from the Cross, too exacting a strain is put upon sophisticated eyes in the few scenes representing the Resurrection and the Ascension. But if there were here absolutely unavoidable shortcomings, they were shortcomings on the right side—viz. on that of simplicity—a simplicity which is its own best defence.

A very few words may be added as to an aspect of the production under which culture or genius alone could rise to the demands of the occasion. Independently, then, of the general management of voice, gesture, and by-play, capable of being acquired by training, and apart from the general note of harmoniousness of what is called *ensemble*, in my opinion very few individual performers rose above respectable mediocrity. Indeed, it struck me (things may be different now) that the uniform moderation of manner which had evi-

dently been a leading principle of the training, had helped to deaden such attempts at distinct characterization as might have fairly been expected. There cannot be many readers of the New Testament who, assisted, of course, by the traditions of plastic and pictorial art, have failed to reach, consciously or unconsciously, a more distinct conception of its principal personages than they have formed of any other figures in history, sacred or profane, or of any figures that are merely creations of the human imagination. And these peasant men and women have, all their lives through, been dwelling with loving earnestness upon these sacred characters; it is known that many of them have made a study of a single one of these characters the main personal task of their lives, and that the claim to enact it as the tenth year comes round has even descended like an heirloom from father to son. Such being the case, I confess that I was surprised to find the actual representation of the characters, as a whole, fall short of what might have been reasonably expected. With but few exceptions, there was, as it seemed to me, but little skill in imparting to the several figures a lifelike distinctness, apart from that of outward form suggested by pictures or other traditional examples. After all, it is only half—and the lesser half—of the artist's task to enter into his subject: to express it adequately in form requires the aid of that culture which only many-sided intellectual labor can mature or genius supplement. The visitors to Oberammergau in 1910 may have been more fortunate—for culture of the kind in question has become more accessible in the last half-century, and genius springs up at its own time and on any soil.

But to chronicle my own experience. There were, for instance, many striking points about the Judas of the play, who, in the journalistic criticisms which ap-

peared at the time, was generally lauded as if he had been a village Edmund Kean. But these were points which could have been taught to any man of fair experience. The performer's hard but troubled physiognomy excellently suited the earlier scenes in which Judas appears. But, though the text is unusually elaborate in the development, as it may be called, of this character, he failed, in my opinion, to mark the change from this earlier state to that of the resolved criminal, and again to that of the traitor driven by the memory of his deed to despair and death. The counting of the thirty pieces of silver—a piece of stage "business" (as it is called) daringly but successfully dragged out—was admirable; but this was teachable. The fury of remorse was quite inadequately depicted; and it was not the acting of Judas that made his last scene undeniably impressive.

Again, so far as the acting went, I could hardly recognize any difference between the remorse of Judas and the repentance of St. Peter. The actor of the last-named personage, a grand and noble figure, whose likeness we saw next day on an ancient fresco in a village not many miles from Oberammergau, was incapable of bringing home to the mind the curiously complex character of the Apostle as he appears in the Gospel narrative—at once so weak and so generous, so full of bold impulse and of faltering infirmity, so heroic and human.

And, if I am to tell the truth, I was unable to see more than great sweetness and thrilling meekness of expression, combined with a tranquil and sad dignity of bearing never broken even for a moment, in the representative of the Central Figure of the Passion.

Josef Mair, whose name was at that day in everybody's mouth, as his successor's, no doubt, was this autumn, had a voice of no majesty or power.

with a perceptible dialect intonation; and, again, he was unable to impress upon the spectator more than the one conception of patient endurance and suffering innocence. The silent response of the patient sufferer's personality to the *Ecc Homo* marked the dramatic height of his achievement. It is needless to say more, except that some of his predecessors were said to have accomplished something beyond this in a task which, it was whispered, went near to overpower the strength of the last man who had entered upon it.

One of Josef Mair's predecessors, we were told, had been Peter Flunger, who in 1871 played the part of Pilate. This man, a drawing-master by profession, proved to be an actor of real intelligence, who stood forth unmistakably from his fellows. Though to his later lot had fallen a character which, in order to make itself understood, requires not only some power of psychological analysis, but also some knowledge of the historical conditions surrounding it—for who can understand the procurator without knowing something of the Rome whence he came?—Flunger's Pilate, albeit inappropriately costumed in coronet and robes of variegated hues, was nothing short of a refined and subtle realization of the weary, *blasé* sceptic, whose supercilious but not wholly apathetic calm contrasts impressively with the fanaticism of the high priests and the brutal flippancy of Herod. The insight into a complex character shown by the actor throughout his performance, and above all in his languid and ironical, "What is truth?" showed him to be a man of superior intelligence, and made one regret deeply not to have witnessed his attempt at accomplishing an infinitely more arduous task.

But enough of personal reminiscences, though, as I write, some of the figures rise up before me and seem to

upbraid me for cavilling in cold blood at the result of the devoted labors of the actors. I therefore pass by the dignified Calaphas, towering above the honest peasants who, with visible satisfaction to themselves, make up the Sanhedrin, and I say nothing of the ragged Barabbas, especially as on the occasion of our visit there was no trace of the vagaries in which this character, quite in the spirit of the ancient Mysteries, had formerly indulged to the delight of the rustic spectators. But I must add one word of tardy protest against the criticisms which at the time were almost uniformly made upon the representation of the female parts. To me there was nothing more satisfactory than the representation of the characters of the Blessed Virgin and of Mary Magdalene. Satisfactory, because it was most distinctively part of the design of the play that suffering, intense but passive suffering, should alone be depicted by them. The one, a woman of gentle and peaceful beauty, never seemed to relinquish her rapt attention to every movement of the Sufferer upon whom sympathy was concentrated; she was a living picture of that absorbed self-forgetfulness which is implied in the word "mother." And the Mary Magdalene was able to convey the mysterious meaning suggested by the rapturous self-devotion of her unforgotten tribute, without at any moment allowing us to overlook the truth that a humility beyond the humility of Martha is the consistent note of her action and of her character—from her silent anointing of the Lord's feet, to her crouching by the tomb from which He was risen until the moment when He passes by her with a single word of recognition, "Maria!" and she has her reward. There is nothing which has remained more abidingly with me in connection with this Passion Play than the delicate and almost secret charm of this character. It must have been felt,

as it was expressed, by the homely peasant woman who enacted it—

I did behold my Love's too cruell death
With these sad eyes, made red with
brinish teares:

My soule did sorrow for His losse of
breath,

By whose sweet life my life was free
from feares.

Oh had I dy'd, when He dy'd on the
Crosse,

I needed no complaint to waille my
losse.

Quite apart from reasons into which I need not enter, it is easy to perceive why a play of this kind should produce an effect which, whatever may have been the expectations of the spectator, is of such a nature that, had he ventured to anticipate it, he would perhaps only with difficulty have brought himself to put them to the touch. The most sluggish imagination is quickened by association, and where from a familiarity which can hardly be compared in closeness with any other familiarity, this association is intimate and immediate, the imagination is never at rest. To anyone born and bred as a Christian, the sudden calling into life of such figures as those of the Passion must be like the unveiling of what, though unseen, has never been unknown. And, again, as there is nothing in the brief narrative of the Holy Book of which the significance has not been brought home to us in a way in which the significance of no other group of facts can ever have impressed our mind, so there is nothing in a play like this which can remain obscure, which can miss its effect as a half-understood or misunderstood allusion, or by requiring to be explained create an interruption and delay ere we hasten on to another and connected impression.

I have treated the Passion Play as a drama, and its performance as an effort of the actor's art: as such it has

its place among the materials by which the student of literature and art has a right to expand his experience and to educate his judgment. As an instrument of religious education or edification the play has a difficult task, and no man living in conditions as to time and place altogether different from those under which it had its origin has any right to criticize it apart from these. If there has been in the minds of those who in this or any other decade have sat before the Oberammergau stage any notion or fancy of the possibility of introducing such a performance into a country such as our own—except, of course, as a literary curiosity or an æsthetic stimulant—one can but say that thoughts of this kind are proper to people who not only travel in vain, but stay at home in vain. On the other hand, those who watch the progress of civilization and morality—for they ought to go hand in hand—may well anxiously consider the effect of its chronic performance, and all that this implies, upon the country of the Passion Play itself. It was with very mixed emotions that when, soon after visiting Oberammergau, I was spending a day or two at Budapest, I noticed that a series of performances were being given by a travelling company of Bavarian Passion players; and I feel tolerably certain that some such ventures have since gone farther afield. Such transplantations may or may not be failures in one sense; they can hardly but be disastrous in another. More difficult is the question whether the soil itself is still suited to the plant which has so long flourished on it. Forty years ago, to travel in these districts, while remembering something of their history, was to feel that the higher influences conveyed to the human mind through art and literature still found their best opportunities of striking root when they came at the hand of religion. Its civilizing power,

therefore, in such countries as the Bavarian and the neighboring Austrian Tyrol—unless they have changed more than I believe they have—cannot but be served by an agency such as the endurance of the Passion Play, and possibly (though of this I am doubtful) by its revival in localities where it formerly flourished.

But enough of speculation and criticism! For me it will not be easy, so long as I live, to forget that rapid jaunt through the green hills of the Tyrol, and our brief sojourn in the colony of peasant woodcarvers and peasant actors at Oberammergau. I shall remember the bright and clean little village at the base of the towering mountains, capped with gathering mists; the stalwart quartet of our four brother hosts, whom on our arrival we found burnishing their horns for use in the morrow's orchestra; the church, with its variegated colors inside, and its gray tombstones without; and, above all, I shall remember the theatre, with its long rows of benches open to the mountain breezes, and the mountains themselves rising solemnly in the rear of the mod-

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est stage. Travellers crowd around us in hundreds—in thousands—gentle and simple; priests with cross and rosary, peasants in the gayest of costumes possible to Western fancy; and the Tyrolese musicians begin their simple overture. All is hushed to the first hymn of the Chorus, and then—and then—the stage in front of us gradually fills with men and women, and through the surging multitude there passes a procession which needs no bill or interpreter—the Hosannas sound, the palms are strewn—ride on, ride on in majesty—Jerusalem is greeting her Messiah.

We shall compare impressions and essay criticisms later; but the imagination is spellbound for the moment and the wondrous illusion is upon us. It would be upon us, even were the art of the play more imperfect, even were our minds less ready to surrender themselves to its effect. And the remembrance of it will survive with us, long after we have cast a last glance towards the rustic stage, turning our faces towards the great southern road which leads across the Alps, bidding farewell to Oberammergau.

A. W. Ward.

THE SEVERINS.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

For some days to come Mrs. Walsingham's threat to call kept the household in the Crescent in an uncomfortable state of fuss and expectation. Mrs. Severin informed her younger children that Michael was now master of the house, and that in every way his wishes must be consulted and his commands obeyed. Mrs. Walsingham was the wife of his senior partner, and it was natural that Michael should feel honored by her friendly advances.

"Michael may," said Selma; "I don't see why we need."

"Don't be a curmudgeon, Selma," said Mrs. Crewe. "Michael's success is a turn for us, and we are not going to thwart him. I mean to put on a clean blouse every afternoon this week, and you must get out of your dressing-gown by three o'clock, Sophia; and Bob ought to be in school and Harriet dressed. But the united family won't get Harriet dressed by three o'clock."

"And no more you can't expect it, mum," said Harriet, who was in the room and in a temper. "Miss Selma wasn't out of her bed-room yesterday till after tea, and me 'aving to do 'er

room when I ought to a bin peelin' potatoes for dinner. You ought to do your rooms yourselves if you can't let me 'ave 'em at a correct hour. That's what I say. And as for late dinners with a family so irregular and foreign in its ways, six to do for and one pair of 'ands is more than any girl can bear. But I don't want no words."

"I told you this morning that we were going to have two servants in future," said Mrs. Severin mildly. "You only have to decide whether you will be cook or parlormaid. And I'll peel the potatoes till we have more help."

"I don't want no ladies messin' in my kitching. There's a deal too much of that as it is. Miss Camilla's down there now making some foreign pig-tub, and as for Master Bob, I've been used to the best families, and if I was to die for it I wouldn't call 'im a young gentleman. Not that I don't like him, but when he jumps on the kitching table and turns out the gas just as I've got the 'ot joint in my 'ands . . . well, there."

"Camilla is only making a fruit salad," said Mrs. Severin when Harriet had flounced out of the room.

"I thought Michael wished you to dismiss Harriet," said Selma.

"He does . . . but she is such a hard worker . . . and she is devoted to Bob . . . really."

"I thought Michael's wishes were to be obeyed. Anyhow, Harriet won't do as parlormaid. She is too rude and smutty. We had better keep her in the kitchen—her kitchen I mean."

"I agree with Selma for once," said Mrs. Crewe. "I object to being called 'foreign,' by Harriet, and she is impossible as a parlormaid."

Mrs. Severin knew well enough that the choice was not in her hands at all. Harriet would be where she chose to be or she would flounce out of the house in a tantrum as she had flounced

out of the room just now. A life-long experience of cheap, incompetent, undisciplined Harriets had brought Mrs. Severin to a pitch of resignation that was provoking to her less experienced family. She knew that when one Harriet left another came, and that the only result was some novelty of discomfort. But her daughters were like the wife of Emerson's friend who sent her husband out to find an "angel" to cook and clean for her. They still hoped for the angel.

Michael had already effected some small changes in the family life, but he had decided not to move into a better house till he saw his way more clearly. Bob was to go to school in the autumn, Clotilda ought to join her husband, and Selma might work at her painting somewhere abroad. Selma herself did not speak in this indefinite way of "somewhere abroad." She was quite clear and positive that she meant to live alone in Paris. But Michael had lived in Paris, and he really could not see Selma, with her vivid colors, her shouting fabrics, and her conspicuous height and pose, living alone there. His mother had advised him, however, that it was of no use to argue with Selma, as she invariably did what she pleased.

"All my children do," she said; "they have such high spirits and such strong wills."

"Selma cannot live in Paris without means," said Michael. "We have that hold upon her."

"But she says that I can spare the money now that you have come home," said Mrs. Severin artlessly.

"I don't know what your income is," said Michael.

"I ought to have two hundred a year . . . at least so I was told when your poor father died . . . but I can't tell you what I have now . . . because less comes in every quarter . . . and there are five of

us . . . and Harriet . . . and as your poor father used to say, *man muss satt werden*. . . . Luckily I've been able to sell a little stock whenever I ran short . . . I just wrote to the office, you know, and said send me £50 and they sent it . . . it's the easiest plan . . . perhaps you had better go to the office and find out what there is left. . . . I've had some very croaking disagreeable letters from them lately. . . . I wonder how they expect me to feed six people without money . . . and no one can say I'm extravagant . . . we hardly saw asparagus this spring . . . at least we only had it when Clotilda's money came. She always buys luxuries."

Michael smoked and listened and did not say much while his mother babbled of her affairs in this way. He did not blame her, and he did not try to give her more businesslike views, because he saw that she was quite incapable of them. He made up his mind that as long as he lived he would look after her as one looks after a child, and that if he died she should still find herself looked after, but never again have it in her power to disperse capital and leave herself destitute.

"What sort of man is Tom Crewe?" he asked. "I have never even seen a photograph of him."

"Clotilda can show you some. He is not handsome. In face he's plain. What the child saw in him is more than I can tell you. It was one of those silly sudden affairs. They met at a picnic, and Clotilda wore a pale pink cotton. You've not seen Clotilda in pale pink yet. They were in a boat by themselves all day, and when Clotilda came back at night she said she was going to marry an Englishman. All she could tell us was that he was as tall as a tree and was called Tom Crewe. I was delighted till next day when I saw him."

"What's wrong with him?" said Michael.

"His nose," said Mrs. Severin.

"His nose?"

"Yes. I told Clotilda at once that it was not right to bring a nose like that into the family. But she was infatuated. She said she admired it."

"What kind of a nose is it, then?" asked Michael.

"I should call it square. It looks as if *der liebe Gott* had run short of material and picked up a bit of rock in a hurry. The whole man is like that. There is any amount of him and all ugly."

"But what sort is he himself?"

Mrs. Severin reflected before she spoke. "A good sort," she said at length. "He is devoted to Clotilda. He hated leaving her behind."

"The best thing he could do would be to come and fetch her," said Michael.

"She will never go till he does. Deminski's been telling her about a German law that says no woman need follow her husband to savage countries and he advises her to take advantage if it. He says there must be a law of the same kind over here because so many Englishmen go to savage countries. But I never heard of it: did you?"

"Never," said Michael. "Besides, Natal is not a savage country. What nonsense!"

"I believe you would get on with Tom Crewe," said Mrs. Severin, "I should say that he was more your kind than Deminski."

"Deminski is not at all my kind," Michael said plainly, and Mrs. Severin, who never could keep anything to herself, repeated this to the girls next day. It was in the afternoon, when, by a great effort, the drawing-room had been put straight and the ladies themselves brushed and tidied in case Mrs. Walsingham should call. They were sitting together in idle elegance, all

feeling rather bored and resentful. So in one way Mrs. Severin chose the wrong moment for her communication.

"I knew that Michael was a Phillistine," said Selma, "the moment he entered the house . . . but his letters were enough . . . such empty letters . . . and only a Phillistine could write them."

"Hullo!" cried Bob, bursting into the room and flinging his satchel on the sofa and his cap on the piano. "What are you sitting about here for? Why are you all dressed up? Where's tea? Is there a party? Who's coming? Deminski, I suppose. Why don't you ever have some one else? Deminski's such a silly ass."

"You see, Bob is a Phillistine too," said Camilla.

"Who is the other?" said Bob. "I suppose you mean Michael. I'd rather be Michael than Deminski. Michael does cut his hair."

"So do convicts," said Selma, and then one of the usual excited discussions began that are apt to take place in families where there is some strain of foreign blood and a considerable mixture of prejudice, habit, and tradition. The Severins were indignant when any one English called them foreign, yet even the children, born and bred in London, looked at the English with alien eyes. Their points of view were different. Camilla and Bob were stanchly British. Mrs. Severin and Clotilda wobbled from one side to the other according to the mood of the moment. As long as they were violently in extremes they were happy. Selma was more consistent, but not as good-humored as her mother and married sister. She was one of those people who quarrel easily with their surroundings and go through life assured that the surroundings are to blame. Just now she hated the country of her birth. She felt the blight of its mental narrowness, she said, and she added pen-

sively that Deminski agreed with her.

"Let's have tea," said Bob when the argument soared above him in this way; and as it was late now for callers they all descended to the basement and enjoyed a nursery tea with thick bread and butter, watercress, and jam.

When Saturday came the family patience was exhausted, and the girls said it would be absurd to change the regular household ways another day for a person who would never arrive. You will say perhaps that the Severins were not people to talk of their ways as regular. But they did. They had only a hazy, intermittent suspicion that their *ménage* was unmethodical or in any sense odd. On Saturdays ever since they had lived at the corner house a person called Mrs. Ginger had come there in the morning and gone home at night; and whenever she was not sitting down to one of her five meals she was turning out rooms and cleaning them. So on Saturdays it was always difficult to get through the passages or up the stairs, because Mrs. Ginger had choked them with furniture and ornaments. This was especially the case once a fortnight, when she turned out the double drawing-room and took most of the day over the job. She was a gaunt, raw-boned creature, hard-working, poor, and abnormally stupid. If she could put glass and china where Bob was bound to break them, she did so faithfully, and though she had taken the movable things out of the rooms regularly for a year, she had not learned yet where any one of them had its place. Her favorite dumping-ground was the piano, but she also liked putting wet flower-pots on books and an over-filled lamp on embroidery. Mrs. Henderson had paid her famous call in the midst of Mrs. Ginger's operations, and Clotilda having been caught pinning out curtains, said on that occasion that the room ought to be begun and finished earlier. But Mrs. Sev-

erin said this was impossible. There were other things to be done in the morning—steps, passages, and windows, for instance. Selma asked why they could not be done after the drawing-room, but though there had been an argument there had not been a reform. So when Saturday arrived Mrs. Ginger began at the usual hour to barricade the narrow entry with chairs and little tables; and every one knows how curiously shabby and disreputable furniture can look when it is set out like this. On her return from the studio Selma found that, tempted by the summer day or embarrassed by want of room, Mrs. Ginger had left the front door open and deposited various battered articles, such as bamboo tables, a jar with dusty bulrushes, and a broken standard lamp on the front steps. The lamp had a dissipated pink paper shade wreathed with large red poppies sadly the worse for wear.

"Our things are only fit for a bonfire," she said as she sat down to hashed mutton and turned up her pretty nose at it. "If Michael is such a Cræsus, why doesn't he refurnish the house?"

"Michael is not a Cræsus yet," said his mother. "He has told me all about his affairs. He is only a junior partner, and he wants to put by money."

"Just like Michael!" said Selma.

"He has only been here a fortnight," said Clotilda. "He can't do everything at once."

"He has promised me a bicycle when I go to school," said Bob. "I call him jolly decent."

"Michael will do," said Clotilda easily. "He's narrow, but we shall soon shake him up a bit. What a ripping day it is. We'll have tea in the garden."

So at four o'clock, when Mrs. Walsingham's victoria stopped at the corner house, this is what she saw—at least, this is what she said she saw

when she got home and described the visit to her husband.

"The front steps were littered with old furniture," she said, "and the front garden was littered with blowsy young women in tea-gowns. They were lying on the grass, reading penny novelettes, I suppose."

"No, Mummy," corrected Clara, who had been with her mother, "The big blowsy one was reading a French novel; I saw the cover. The pretty one with her hair down was doing nothing, and the little one was darning stockings. She was the best of them."

"My dear child, you won't deny that we fell over a pail of dirty water, I suppose," said Mrs. Walsingham, and this regrettable incident had in fact occurred. The footman was ill and had not been on the box as usual, and when Mrs. Walsingham slowly ascended the front steps she had been so much interested in the unexpected display there that she had stumbled against Mrs. Ginger's pail put insecurely on the edge of the top step. It had immediately fallen forwards and discharged its unpleasant contents partly on her silk skirts and partly on Clara's muslins. In the flurry of the moment, too, she had dropped her chiffon sunshade. Mrs. Walsingham did not at all like being flurried. It was a rare event and upsetting to her usual serenity of carriage and temper. As she was looking at her parasol, hesitating whether to let it lie in a soak of grayish water or whether to touch it with her clean light glove, two people came out of the house to see what had happened, and when they did see they became flurried, too. One cried "Drat that pail!" and nearly swept Mrs. Walsingham back on the furniture as she bustled down the steps after it. The other, a dark elderly woman, dressed in what Clara vowed was an old curtain, stared helplessly and did not speak.

"Is Mrs. Severin at home?" said Mrs. Walsingham, recovering herself.

"Yes. I'm at home," said Mrs. Severin, and then she recovered herself too.

"We are sitting in the garden this afternoon," she said. "We are going to have tea there. Will you come?"

With a composure Mrs. Walsingham could only admire she picked up the tail of her dressing-gown and accompanied her guests down the steps. The girls had not seen exactly what happened, but they had heard the carriage stop and had watched two beings from another world come in at their front gate. Camilla had not exactly said "Drat it!" like Mrs. Ginger, but she had wished she had not been too lazy to take off her shrunk and crumpled holland frock. Clotilda had been lying at full length on the grass, staring at the clouds and trying with Camilla to remember verse after verse of Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark"; but unfortunately this charming occupation of her mind was not visible, while the extraordinary disarrangement of her hair made Mrs. Walsingham and Clara think of the Golliwog. For Clotilda had washed her hair directly after lunch, a meritorious act in itself, but apt to have inconvenient results if performed at the wrong time. She rose to her feet when the ladies appeared, gave them a hasty hand, and fled into the house followed by Mrs. Severin.

Mrs. Walsingham and Clara sat down on the only chairs there, two battered wicker ones with loose grimy-looking cushions. Camilla went into the house for another chair. Selma, in her flowery chintz, sat on the grass and fixed her eyes on the ladies as if she wished without losing a moment to read their very souls, and that, as Mrs. Walsingham said afterwards, is not at all a proper thing to do when you have only known people two minutes.

"Isn't it a lovely day?" said Clara

amably, and Selma turned her gaze on this young person.

"It is a most beautiful day," she said, and she managed to show that she thought Clara's remark stupid. Then she turned her attention to Mrs. Walsingham again.

"What has happened to your parasol?" she asked, looking at the dragged chiffon that Mrs. Walsingham held as far as possible from her.

"There was a little accident . . . with a pail of water."

"Mrs. Ginger's pail . . . on the front steps, I suppose . . . she will plant it there . . . last time Bob fell over it . . . Bob . . . come here!"

Selma had raised her voice to summon her brother, and Mrs. Walsingham, following the direction of her eyes, saw some one move amongst the branches of a tree just above her head.

"Bob . . . come here!" cried Selma again.

"You wouldn't want me if you knew what I looked like," called Bob, and craning up Mrs. Walsingham saw a dirty, ragged-looking boy peeping at her.

"I thought I would send your sunshade to be dried," said Selma, "but if Bob won't come down he won't. I'll take it myself directly."

"It doesn't matter at all," said Mrs. Walsingham, moving a little further from the tree.

"You needn't move!" shouted Bob; "the chestnuts aren't ripe yet."

"He means he won't pelt you with them," explained Selma.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Walsingham with a shudder.

"We are all thankful when Bob is at the top of a tree," his sister continued: "he has to sit still there. Down here he's a terror."

An unripe chestnut directed with considerable skill at Selma's head hit it sharply, and she sprang to her feet.

While she rated Bob the rest of the family carrying chairs and tables, followed by Harriet with tea-things, now arrived on the small, ill-kept lawn. Harriet was still in her morning dress, and any one acquainted with the Harriets of the world will know what it looked like by Saturday afternoon. She was conscious, too, that it was worse than usual, as coal had arrived that morning and she had been obliged to sweep up after it. To bring out tea for the family would have been injury enough, but to bring it out into the June sunshine for the scorn and laughter of these two superfine ladies made Harriet "mad," as she said, and no one can wonder at it. She scowled like a fury as she dumped down thick bread and butter, buns, watercress, and jam—the meal the family enjoyed every day at five o'clock far more than the dinner they now ate at eight to please Michael.

"We have most of our meals out of doors in this weather," said Mrs. Severin; "we like it."

Mrs. Walsingham assented civilly, but thought in her own mind that as the garden could be seen from the street she would hate it.

"But we have to dine indoors now that Michael has come back," said Clotilda. "He doesn't like people standing against the gate and watching us."

Mrs. Walsingham was watching Bob, who had seen the tea-things and was now scrambling down his tree. When he arrived at her feet he offered her a grimy hand with the friendliest air in

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the world. She looked at the hand and at her own spotless glove and then, as she really was a well-mannered woman, she sacrificed the glove.

"We can't keep Bob clean," said Mrs. Severin.

Mrs. Walsingham wished to say "So it seems," but refrained; and Clara came to the rescue by reminding her mother that they had promised to be in Cornwall-gardens by five o'clock.

"But you'll have tea?" said Mrs. Severin anxiously. "Camilla, isn't tea ready?"

"I'm afraid we can't stay," said Mrs. Walsingham, and both ladies got up rather hastily. The dragged sunshade lay on the grass.

"Why don't you leave it, Mummy . . . If Mrs. Severin will let you?" said Clara. "You can't use it again."

"I'm so sorry it happened," said Mrs. Severin.

At that moment there was a click at the front gate and Michael with papers in his hand arrived from the City. His eyes fell first on Mrs. Glinger, engaged now in cleaning the front steps, and then on the garden on the solidly supplied tea-table, on Bob in rags, on Mrs. Walsingham, Clara, and his mother considering the ruins of a sunshade. There was an exchange of greetings, a sudden thaw of the two ladies into smiles and cordiality, and then their immediate departure.

"Come and see us soon," Mrs. Walsingham said to Michael as he stood at the door of her carriage. "You will always find us in on Sundays."

(To be continued.)

KING EDWARD VII.

A STUDY AND AN APPRECIATION.

The death of King Edward came with such tragic suddenness it is difficult to believe that he has gone from

us, that we shall never again look upon his face, see his genial smile, or hear his kindly voice. Yet such, alas! is

the solemn fact. Hushed in the silence of the tomb lies all that is mortal of King Edward of blessed and glorious memory.

Little was it thought when he returned from Biarritz, "better in every way," to quote the official announcement, and at once took up the thread of his very full life, that ten days later he would be called away to his long home. Few outside his own family and circle of private friends were aware that he was suffering from any special ailment, and although it was noticed that he was not at the station to greet Queen Alexandra on her return from the Continent, it was not until the public announcement, made three days later, that "His Majesty the King is suffering from a severe bronchial attack, and has been confined to his room for the last few days" that the general public suspected anything was amiss. Even then, in spite of the additional statement issued the same evening that "His Majesty's condition causes some anxiety," the serious nature of the illness was neither grasped nor understood. On the following morning, however, when bulletins were posted stating that "His Majesty's condition gives rise to grave anxiety," and later that "His Majesty's condition is now critical," alarm and consternation spread far and wide. Around the gates of Buckingham Palace large crowds began to assemble, representative of all grades of society, and hour after hour the sorrowing subjects of the dying King waited patiently and silently for news. Inside the Palace the scene was even more pathetic. Gathered around the bedside of King Edward, who for some hours had been unconscious, were Queen Alexandra, King George, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal Family, stricken with grief, waiting and watching, until, just before midnight, death came to end the vigil, and he whom they so dearly loved

passed calmly and peacefully away.

This is not the place to dwell upon the medical aspect of the illness, but its rapid and fatal termination caused the physicians who attended him with so much skill and devotion to anticipate the natural desire of the public for information, and to issue an authorized report of the case. From the statements made it will be seen how susceptible King Edward was of late years to cold, and how anxiety of any kind must have affected adversely a constitution apparently robust, but in reality very fragile.

There is no reason to doubt that he realized the serious nature of his illness, but he was determined not to surrender. As the Bishop of London so well expressed it, "he who had faced death already twice, faced it for the third time undismayed." King Edward insisted on attending to State affairs until it was no longer possible for him to do so. On the day before his death he gave audiences to public officials, and on the morning of the day he died he sent for a friend who had arrived from Egypt only the day before, to inquire about his invalid daughter; he also saw his private secretary and intimate friend Lord Knollys. Throughout his short illness his late Majesty displayed a spartan determination to do his duty, which aroused in all quarters the greatest admiration and inspired the most profound respect.

No one recognized more truly than King Edward that duty and service were the first essentials of kingship. Addressing the Italian Senate just after his late Majesty's death, the Marquis di San Guillianio said: "The first words the late King spoke to some of his intimate friends on ascending the throne, expressed in familiar and sporting language, were 'I will play the game.'" He was as good as his word. That powerful and comprehensive sense of duty

which is one of the chief factors of British greatness was, without ostentation and with perfect simplicity, the constant rule of all King Edward's actions and thoughts. Alluding to the attributes of our late sovereign before an immense congregation gathered at the Abbey on the Sunday following the national bereavement, the Dean of Westminster eloquently observed: "All will agree that King Edward realized and set forth in a conspicuous degree that truly Christian ideal—the greatness, the nobility, the kingliness of service. By a long discipline he had learned to serve. At the age of sixty most men's work is done. It was not till then that he was allowed in the full sense to begin. But then the reward came. The long years of waiting had matured an unexampled strength. He was not allowed to grow old. An astonishing vitality carried him along. It radiated from his person. All his powers were simply, unostentatiously devoted to his country's service—to reign was with him to serve, and by serving he reigned in his people's hearts."

However inconvenient, however arduous, however exacting the call, King Edward accepted the obligation without a murmur, never flinching, never hesitating. Whatever demands were made upon him, he never complained. Always cheerful, always ready to undertake work of any kind, he entered with zest into every new movement; and, while giving all consideration to precedent and time-honored customs, would not allow himself to be influenced unduly by what had gone before—he stood for progress and advancement, and judged every position as it arose and on its merits. He was just to a degree, showing neither favor nor prejudice; and, although democratic in temperament, was every inch a king.

We are still dazed under the blow which has befallen us. "But," as the

Prime Minister, with singular appropriateness, remarked when paying his last tribute to the memory of the dead King, "this at least we may say at once and with full assurance: that he has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget—a memory of great opportunities greatly employed, an example which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow, of simplicity, courage, self-denial, tenacious devotion, up to the last moment of conscious life to work, to duty and to service." But deep as our feelings are and great as is our grief, these sentiments are not alone caused, as Mr. Balfour has very truly reminded us, by our sense of the public loss the nation has sustained or by the tragic circumstances and suddenness by which that great loss has been accompanied. "All of us feel that we have lost one who loved us, one with regard to whom we separately and individually felt a personal affection in addition to our respectful loyalty."

Those with whom his late Majesty came into personal contact had opportunities to ascertain for themselves what manner of man he was. But what of the great masses of the community? How came they to realize his great qualities, to recognize his unfailing tact, and to understand his kingly feelings? "I have been surprised at the great interest, one may almost say friendship, for King Edward testified to by so many of his subjects who could never have had an opportunity of meeting him," said Lord Sandwich, a very old friend of his late Majesty. The same question has been raised many times since King Edward died. "It is due, and can only be due," Mr. Balfour tells us, "to some incommunicable and unanalyzable power of genius which enabled the late King, by the perfect simplicity of his personality, to make all men love him and understand him."

Put in another way, it was the in-

tense humanity of King Edward that attracted all persons to him. His care and thought for others were proverbial; he seemed to live for other people; self with him was always an after consideration; he thought of every one and everything—great or small, nothing escaped him. I remember a story told me by a friend who had the privilege of accompanying the late King on his Indian tour. The occasion was the opening of a bridge, and as is usual at these public functions the engineer, the architect, and all the chief officials connected with the ceremony had been presented. Suddenly there was a pause, and the Prince observed that he had experienced the greatest pleasure in making the acquaintance of so many important gentlemen, but he had not yet had presented to him the men who built the bridge, the men who drove the rivets which joined the plates together. Such a request was received with the greatest consternation: it was not anticipated that his Royal Highness would desire to make the acquaintance of the mechanics. The Prince, however, was not to be denied, and a search was immediately made for some of the workmen; in due course a fairly representative number were collected together, and the late King paid each one the compliment of talking with him and congratulating him on the success of his skill.

Whether it was the case of a poor miner who had lost his life owing to some untoward accident, or a calamity of greater magnitude affecting a whole district, or some equally sad event of even wider national importance, King Edward's sympathy was alike urgent and real, his kindly interest deep and continuous. If a friend was ill he would immediately send to inquire, never ceasing to show his solicitude till health was again restored. When an official who had served his Majesty in any public office of distinction died,

King Edward was always represented either at the funeral or the memorial service, often sending a wreath bearing an inscription written by his own hand.

I recall an incident of the King's thoughtfulness, and one that serves at the same time to illustrate his marvelous memory. He was paying his usual shooting visit to some friends in Scotland, and, as was his custom, attended the village church on Sunday. The wife of the minister was about to undergo a severe operation, but insisted on getting up and playing the organ. The story reached the ears of his late Majesty, who had met the lady on a former occasion at his friend's house. Twelve months later, when King Edward came again, the first inquiry he made was about the health of the minister's wife, referring to her by name and begging to be informed as to the state of her health. No one was ever forgotten, high or low, rich or poor; one and all had their special place in his memory; each received the same favor, the same kindly attention.

Festal days were invariably kept, the same guests being gathered together to celebrate the event. This was especially the case with his own birthday party and that of Queen Alexandra, as well as with the Christmas and New Year festivities at Sandringham. The late King was very conservative in his habits. He liked going to the same place year after year and visiting the same country-houses. In this way he came to know the country folk and to take an interest in their welfare. And so it was with any social engagement that had come to be regarded as an annual fixture, such as the yearly dinner to the members of the Jockey Club. He did not like these gatherings to fall through. No man was more faithful to his friends; once a friend of King Edward, always a friend.

Birthdays afforded a special opportu-

nity for some personal gift. The late King's gifts were always chosen by himself; he took the greatest trouble in the selection, and the question of suitability was never forgotten. Whether the gift was to a private friend or to some foreign person of distinction, King Edward was not content to send something merely to commemorate the occasion, but would seek to ascertain beforehand what offering would be most appreciated. One of his many gifts was a miniature of John Hampden, from the collection at Windsor Castle, which he presented to Mr. Roosevelt when he was inaugurated President of the United States in 1904. In alluding to the late King's death, Mr. Roosevelt recalled this incident. "King Edward," said Mr. Roosevelt, "chose exactly the gift which he could send with entire dignity, and which I could accept with entire pleasure and appreciation; this incident enabled me to understand why he had become such a power in international affairs, and why his subjects were always regarding him with ever-increasing devotion." At Christmas time his late Majesty would send out his own cards of remembrance; he knew the pleasure this would give the recipients, and it pleased him to give pleasure to others. A lady who had long enjoyed King Edward's friendship always received one of these cards on which written by himself were the words, "Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Nor were King Edward's gifts confined to personages and friends: he seemed to remember every one, no matter what their station in life, and his generosity was unbounded. The Vicar of Newport relates two incidents in the late King's life at Marienbad that well illustrate my meaning: "Once," says the Vicar, "I had to read the prayers, play the harmonium, lead the singing, and preach the sermon. The following week the King said to me, 'Mr.

Sharpe, we must get you an organ. Will you, after luncheon, have a talk with Sir Stanley Clarke?' I thanked the King, and afterwards a list was started, and in a few days some £350 was subscribed among the King's friends, his Majesty giving £25. I got an Austrian builder to draw out a specification, submitted it to the King, and in a week the organ was ordered and built during the winter, and used during the next season at Marienbad. Another year it happened to be very dark one Sunday during service, for there were no lamps in church; I had to use a flickering candle and place it on a window-ledge near the lectern. When I dined with the King later in the week his Majesty asked me to send to Vienna for designs of brass pendant lamps. I did so, and the King ordered two of the best designs to be made. These are now used at the services, and are a nice ornament in the sanctuary." On another occasion the late King had gone to stay with some friends in the Highlands. Hearing of his arrival, an old Scotchwoman whose birthday coincided with that of Queen Victoria celebrated the arrival of the august visitor by making a bonfire. King Edward was much touched with the attention, and immediately began to think how he could best assure the old lady of his appreciation. At last he thought of giving her a shawl. It is difficult to say who derived the greatest pleasure from the gift—the old dame, or his late Majesty in presenting it. These illustrations serve to show King Edward's intense humanity. No wonder that in life he was universally beloved and that in death he is universally lamented.

Although fond of a joke and quite ready to be amused, the late King was most dignified in everything he did and everything he said; he would converse freely with all people and was easy of approach, but never forgot his dignity,

never forgot he was King. He liked a good story, but it must be one that could be repeated anywhere and at any time; should an *intime* attempt to transgress the unwritten law in this respect, King Edward was not slow to show his displeasure and needless to say the mistake was not repeated. He had a delightful disposition; was never really angry without cause, and in no circumstances did he bear ill-will. If necessary to reprove or reprimand, he did not hesitate to do so, but in a short time he would be the same again, often going out of his way to show the offender he was forgiven and the incident forgotten. Some idea of the affectionate feeling entertained for King Edward by those about the Court may be gathered from the fact that one of the oldest members of the Royal Household was heard to remark soon after his late Majesty had passed away: "I have served him for over half-a-century, and never an unkind or cross word all that time."

King Edward was truthful to a degree; he never spoke without thinking, and he expected the same restraint and discretion to be observed by those about him. He disliked prevarication, and wished every one to speak their minds freely. Unlike some people of a less exalted position, he was not constantly seeking to avoid persons of more humble origin. With him the aristocrat and the commoner were on the same footing. The most severe critic of King Edward can never accuse him of being a respecter of persons. At a party he would frequently engage in conversation with the least distinguished of the guests, and when leaving a country-house would often say good-bye to each servant personally as he passed along the hall to his carriage or motor.

No one could talk with King Edward without feeling his magnetic power; nervousness soon disappeared, and you

felt yourself in the presence of one who understood you and sympathized with you. He never seemed bored, and had the happy faculty of making every person with whom he conversed think that he was specially interested in their conversation. His acquaintance was large and cosmopolitan. As Prince of Wales he made it a point to meet every one who came to the front in any form of public life. The successful barrister, physician, surgeon, author, editor, actor, musician or painter, each and all were sought out and invited to the Marlborough House garden-party, or his Royal Highness would have them asked to some dinner-party at which he was himself to be present. Thus it happened that when he came to the throne he was in touch with all centres of activity, and might even be said to have been acquainted with the inner life of most callings and professions. He kept his hand on the pulse of the nation. Any grievance of the masses immediately attracted his attention, explanations would be sought, Ministers interrogated, and no stone left unturned to probe the matter to the bottom and to find a remedy. King Edward ever strove to knit together into one common whole the various sections of the vast community over whom he ruled.

He was a good speaker, always making the right points, and in a manner which delighted his various audiences. His delivery was excellent, and he never seemed at a loss for a word. His more important orations were of course drafted for him, but he invariably studied each draft with care, often interpolating phrases that went far to make the speech what it was. On more perfunctory occasions, when he merely read what he had to say from a manuscript, he read in a clear voice and gave the matter just the right amount of intonation to carry his hearers with him. He was an excellent linguist.

French and German came as naturally to him as his mother tongue, and he spoke with ease and fluency in both these languages. As an impromptu speaker he was equally effective, and experienced no difficulty when called upon unexpectedly to reply in either English, French or German.

He was a generous patron of art and literature; he knew a good picture when he saw it, and understood the styles of the different painters. He was well versed in the literature of other countries beside his own, and although his multifarious duties did not allow him much time for reading, he managed to keep himself well abreast of the times. As Prince of Wales he gave valuable assistance to the Royal Literary Fund, and as King continued the same kindly interest in that most deserving charity. Science in all its aspects appealed to him. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and took an active part in the formation of the Imperial College of Science and Technology. He was fond of music, both instrumental and vocal, and regularly attended the Opera. To the theatre he was a particular friend, and often after some special performance would send for the more prominent among the actors and actresses of the company and offer his congratulations. Both at Windsor and Sandringham, on state and family occasions, "command" performances of the late King's favorite plays were included in the programme of events.

In the charitable world, King Edward's memory will be ever treasured: he was a most generous supporter of all charities, and both as Prince of Wales and as King gave his time, his influence and his money to assist in alleviating pain and misery. To mention the different institutions with which he was connected would fill a volume, while to comment on any special phase of his charitable work could only lead to invidious comparison. His name, how-

ever, was so essentially associated with hospitals, that it might not improperly be regarded as an omission if one did not recall the fact that it was at King Edward's suggestion that the commemoration of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria took the form of a scheme for assisting the hospitals of London, and that it was mainly due to the late King's personal share in its administration that the Fund which he founded has reached its present strong position. This Fund in itself is a lasting monument to King Edward's sympathy with suffering. For a quarter of a century or more his late Majesty was associated with every leading movement in the medical world—with the campaign against consumption, with research work undertaken to investigate the cause and, if possible, find a cure for the disease of cancer, with the School of Tropical Medicine, which has done so much in the last few years to rob many a deadly climate of its perils. As one who had knowledge of this practical sympathy has said: "It is impossible to overrate the value or importance of the encouragement and support that the late King gave to hospital work." Long will he be remembered as the friend of the poor and needy, the helper of the helpless in their time of trouble.

The same tolerance in matters of religion that marked the reign of Queen Victoria was even more noticeable during the reign of King Edward. Devoted as he was to the Church of England, he was most catholic in his sympathies and always ready to help on any movement that had for its object the uplifting of mankind. No sovereign has ever received such unanimous appreciation from the pulpits of all denominations. In the course of an address delivered in the East End of London, the preacher recalled the fact that when the Jews were driven from Kieff a telegram was sent to King Ed-

ward at Biarritz, with the result that the decree of expulsion was suspended. On hearing the statement the congregation burst into tears, and for a time the manifestation of grief interrupted the service. "King Edward," the *Jewish World* states, "was to the Jews of Europe more than the ruler of the mighty British Empire: he was the embodiment to them of all that was manliest in kingship; he represented the consummation of the loftiest hopes in freedom's cause. To the Jews of the Continent he towered above his compeers in a class by himself, a pattern for monarchs for all times. The death of King Edward means to them the passing of the one ruler who, in the long roll of kings since Jerusalem fell, regarded Jews as ordinary men. No people on the face of the earth can realize the humanity of King Edward as we can." For himself, King Edward was ever careful to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest. He always attended Divine Service, taking part in the singing of the hymns and repeating the responses, but like many other people he was not particularly fond of very long sermons.

He liked to see the outward and visible signs of State observed. On his accession he resumed the old custom of the sovereign opening Parliament in person, and the Royal processions within and without the precincts of Westminster have given the public a fitting impression of the dignity of the occasion. The substitution of evening Courts for afternoon Drawing Rooms gave wide satisfaction. In the intricacies of uniforms and decorations he was particularly well versed. At one of his Courts he noticed an officer on duty wearing his sash out of place, and although busily engaged in bestowing decorations he found time to send one of the Lords-in-Waiting to call the attention of the officer in question to the irregularity. By establishing the Or-

der of Merit, the Imperial Service Order, and the Medal for Heroism, he gave further evidence of his desire to recognize merit in a more comprehensive manner than had been done by his predecessors on the Throne.

King Edward was a constitutional sovereign in every sense of the term, and while possessing many friends in both political camps, and well able to form an opinion for himself on most matters, he loyally accepted the advice tendered by his Ministers on all occasions. His relations with all his Prime Ministers were of an equally friendly character, and whether it was the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or Mr. Asquith, he received them one and all in the same cordial manner. He resented any attempt to drag the Throne into party politics, and it was doubtless to bring this more directly to the notice of the public that in the King's speech at the opening of the present parliamentary session the words "in the opinion of My Advisers" were inserted for the first time. In social life politics were never mentioned, and if any one should be indiscreet enough to allude to a political matter, King Edward would remain silent or turn the conversation into another channel. At all times and in all circumstances he kept his own counsel. Even his most intimate friends could never tell from his face the effect a ministerial interview had upon him. Just as he knew when to speak, he knew when to be silent, and all through the period of the late General Election and the still more anxious time that followed he maintained the same reticence with regard to political matters as he had ever done before.

When any Bill of first importance was passing through the House of Commons, his late Majesty, as Prince of Wales, was usually to be seen in his accustomed place in the Gallery over the

clock, an attentive listener to the arguments advanced by the different speakers in support of or in opposition to the measure under discussion. In the House of Lords he was equally zealous and often attended its sittings, occupying a corner seat on the front cross bench facing the Woolsack. In this way, he was brought into close touch with much of the legislation that found its way to the Statute Book in the later years of Queen Victoria's reign, an experience which could not fail to have been most helpful to him when transacting the more active duties of kingship.

At all times and in all circumstances King Edward was most anxious that everything possible should be done to promote the welfare of the working classes, to make their lives happy and their homes comfortable. Nor was he content to take his information second-hand. Whenever opportunity happened he pursued his own inquiries in his own way, and, as Mr. Bodley has reminded us, doubtless "Lord Carrington will recall his late Majesty's adventure in the East End when, resolved to see for himself how the poor of London lived, he disguised himself in a strange ulster and slouch hat so well as completely to deceive a familiar vestryman who acted unknowingly as guide to the heir to the Throne." This expedition emanated from the late King's desire to understand the housing problem in its relation to the poorer districts of the metropolis, but it may be safely said that it was but one of many expeditions of a like nature undertaken for a similar purpose.

There was no more assiduous or hard-working member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes than King Edward, who, as Prince of Wales, accepted a seat on that tribunal. Each time his Majesty attended a sitting he took his part in the examination of the witnesses, and his questions were always pertinent

and showed remarkable grasp of the subject. Amongst the witnesses he interrogated were the venerable Lord Shaftesbury, whose experience regarding the housing of the poor extended over sixty years, Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Lord Eversley), who dealt with the complex questions of compensation and betterment, and Mr. Chamberlain, who gave the Commission his views on that still more intricate subject—Unearned Increment. It will thus be seen that his late Majesty not only had a general knowledge of the weighty problems which urgently press upon our municipal life, but was able to discuss special points as they arose with men who came forward as experts. With the more homely class of witnesses, the late King showed the same familiar acquaintance with the evidence, and whether it was the agricultural laborer, the builder, or the clergyman explaining the accommodation—or rather lack of accommodation—provided for the Kent hop-pickers, his Majesty's questions were equally to the point and always sympathetic.

It was on the last day of the inquiry, so far as it concerned England, that Mr. Beck, agent for the Sandringham estate, was called. He had given his evidence in chief regarding the condition of agricultural laborers' dwellings generally, when Sir Richard (now Lord) Cross took up the examination. Quite unexpectedly the commissioner inquired as to the condition of the Sandringham estate before his late Majesty purchased it. "Actually speaking," the witness replied without hesitation, "his Royal Highness could, if I may be allowed to say so, give this evidence himself, because he has personally directed every work of improvement and reformation which has gone through my hands during the twenty years that I have had the superintendence of the estate. He selects his own tenantry, and he knows exactly the condition of,

I may say, every hole and corner of his estate of 8,000 acres, and certainly no cottage-tenant or laborer is ever forgotten in this general knowledge by the Prince."

At Sandringham King Edward lived the life of an English country gentleman. Here for many years, as Prince of Wales, he entertained his relations, his friends, and his neighbors, and welcomed distinguished foreigners on whom he wished to confer special favor. It was to Sandringham that his late Majesty invited Prince Teck, as the father of Queen Mary was then styled, after making his acquaintance when staying with the King of Hanover in 1864. His Majesty was an ideal host, thinking of everything and everybody. On one occasion a guest suffered from temporary lameness; with his usual thoughtfulness the late King at once allotted to him the rooms on the ground floor, thus saving his guest the trouble of going up and down stairs. If the house-party was for shooting, and any of the ladies did not care for walking with the guns, the late King would arrange for them a game of golf or some other amusement. After the accession, King Edward was naturally in residence a good deal more at Windsor, but Sandringham still remained for him and for Queen Alexandra what it had been to them as Prince and Princess of Wales—home.

Like his august father and mother, King Edward was a keen farmer, and Mr. Beck tells us, on the same occasion above referred to: "At Sandringham his Royal Highness farms about 1,000 acres himself in three occupations at different angles of the estate in different villages. By this means every part of the property is constantly and frequently visited, and the laborers have a laudable desire to do the best with the stock and working of the farm in their charge." The late King was a warm supporter of the farming industry

generally, and a generous patron of agricultural societies. Referring to his death, the Duke of Devonshire, addressing the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, said: "They all knew the very great interest that King Edward took, not only in the affairs of the Society, but in the affairs of agriculture as a whole. In him they had lost one who devoted himself heart and soul to the encouragement of the improvement of agriculture in every form." The Sandringham stud was constantly winning prizes, and like successes attended the shorthorns and southdown sheep. The same care and attention which King Edward had given to Sandringham he bestowed on his Windsor estate, and many of the alterations which have so greatly added to the beauty of the Berkshire demesne were suggested by his late Majesty and carried out under his superintendence, while the famous Windsor herds that have been the admiration of agriculturists far and near for many years have still further improved since they came under the late King's special observation.

There was hardly a British sport or pastime in which King Edward was not interested. In many he took part. In not a few he excelled, while in the racing of thoroughbreds and in the racing of yachts he achieved a success second to none. He was a sportsman in the truest sense of the word, allowing neither advantage nor consideration of any kind to be shown him. He played the game, and he played to win, but it was invariably the case of the best man first. Whatever the sport, it was on equal terms that King Edward entered the arena: man to man, horse to horse, yacht to yacht, the same rights and the same rules for all competitors.

But if his late Majesty liked winning—and who does not?—he was the best of losers. When other men might have shown disappointment, if not vex-

ation, King Edward simply turned round and smiled. With him there was no blaming of another, no angry word for a subordinate. It was always "Well, I am beaten, and beaten fairly; better luck next time!" and there the matter ended. In very truth he possessed the true instincts of an English sporting gentleman—a desire to give and take, an even temper, a modest bearing when a winner and a generous appreciation of a beaten foe.

As an owner of race-horses his Majesty was widely known, but it is not my intention to follow his career on the Turf or to go into details of the Royal stable, or to tell of the anxieties that doubtless at times weighed heavily on the minds of Lord Marcus Beresford, John Porter or Richard Marsh. One may, however, be permitted to say that shrewd as were his late Majesty's counsellors in racing matters, King Edward's many triumphs were in no small measure due to the knowledge he himself possessed of the breeding and training of horses. He won most of the classic races—all, I think, except the Oaks—and on three historic occasions the purple and scarlet jacket was first past the post in that coveted of all contests—the Derby. Long will the reception given by the Epsom crowd to the victories of Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee and Minoru live in the memory of race-goers. No monarch ever felt prouder than King Edward when leading in his horse, after the great struggle of last year. From end to end the course resounded with jubilant voices cheering heartily and singing the national anthem, "God Save the King."

His late Majesty was equally devoted to yachting and yacht-racing, and quite as much at home in the sailing of small boats as in the racing of larger craft. The sea had a great fascination for him, and he was seldom more happy than when afloat. As Prince of Wales he was Commodore of the Royal Yacht

Squadron; when he became King he accepted the post of Admiral, an office he held till the day of his death. He was also Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, succeeding Lord Alfred Paget, for many years a close friend of his late Majesty, and in early days his adviser on yachting matters. For some few years he confined himself to cruising, no doubt with a view of gaining experience. In 1876 he started racing with the *Hildegarde*, but neither she nor her successors *Formosa* and *Aline* could be described as great "flyers"; in fact it was not till the advent of the *Britannia* that King Edward achieved any great success in yacht-racing. Under the skilful management of Mr. W. Jameson, the *Britannia* carried all before her both at home and in the Mediterranean, and few things the late King enjoyed better than sailing in this beautiful cutter. But time and circumstances change all things. The arrival of the *Shamrocks* and the increasing calls of State practically ended the *Britannia's* racing career; for the remainder of his days his late Majesty fell back on cruising, a pastime of which he never tired, and one that always gave him infinite pleasure.

If not in what may be called the first line of shots, King Edward's shooting was well above the average, and with rifle and gun he held his own with most men. When in India he had a splendid experience with big game, securing several tigers and other fine specimens of the jungle. With other game his shooting perhaps hardly compared with that of the present King, who is one of the finest all-round shots in the United Kingdom, but at a long shot his late Majesty had few superiors outside that small circle of sportsmen who regard it as a mistake if they ever miss anything. "I have seen him," the late Duke of Beaufort tells us, "knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high rocketing pheasants in first-rate work-

manlike style." Fortunate indeed were the men invited to join the Royal shooting-parties, for there was no better host than King Edward, no better companion, no more agreeable guest.

In earlier years he was seen regularly in the hunting-field, and "I can say from personal observation," wrote the same authority, "that there is no man who can extricate himself from a hustling and pushing crowd of horsemen when a fox breaks covert more dexterously and quickly than his Royal Highness; and when hounds run hard over a big country no man can take a line of his own and live with them better." As a young man King Edward played both tennis and cricket, and all cricketers have reason to be grateful to him for the part he took in securing the freehold of Lord's cricket ground for the Club. To the end of his life he was fond of a game of croquet, and he liked watching lawn-tennis and golf, although I do not think he ever played either of these games. As an automobilist the late King took the keenest interest in the progress and development of the motor-car. From the first he saw the practical advantage of the new method of locomotion, and of recent years he constantly used his own motor-car when going and returning from Newmarket and week-end visits. But while doing everything he could for the industry, he fully appreciated the annoyance motors cause at times to the general public, especially on dusty roads, and always instructed his chauffeurs to drive as carefully as possible.

Dogs of every kind appealed to the late King, who was himself a breeder and frequent exhibitor at shows, as well as patron of the Kennel Club. The touching inscriptions on the diminutive tombstones in the graveyard at Sandringham offer silent testimony to his fondness for dogs, and one of the most pathetic sights of the Royal funeral procession was the late King's dog

"Cæsar," led by a Highlander, following immediately after the gun-carriage bearing the remains of his Royal master. "Cæsar" accompanied King Edward on his travels, and was often taken to pay an afternoon call, when the late King would play with him like a boy, laughing heartily as the animal raced round and round the room. "Cæsar" was devoted to his master, and after King Edward had passed away the dog was broken-hearted, never quitting the death chamber as long as the body lay there, although he no longer jumped on the bed as was his wont. When the coffin was removed all the heart seemed to go out of poor "Cæsar," who for the time refused food and never again entered the room where his master had breathed his last.

When King Edward ascended the throne, dark clouds hovered over the horizon of Great Britain's foreign policy. The old animosity with France remained; in the Far East conflicting interests, political and economic, threatened to involve this country in difficulties; in the Near East things were diverging from rather than tending towards a condition of amity. Now all this is changed: where hostilities seemed possible, more peaceful counsels have prevailed, and in place of war we have peace. The last decade has witnessed many and important alterations in the relations of foreign countries, as well as in the relations between foreign countries and ourselves. Above and beyond all, his late Majesty's reign witnessed a complete reversal of Great Britain's policy towards France and Russia.

Early in 1902 a Treaty of Alliance between this country and Japan was signed; the following year a new Anglo-Persian Treaty was negotiated; and in 1904 Great Britain entered into an agreement with France settling all outstanding matters between the two countries and inaugurating a friendship

which becomes closer year by year. In 1907 an understanding with Russia removed our fears regarding India, and put an end to the bitter feeling that had existed between ourselves and the Russians since the days of the Crimean War. More recently political changes have occurred in Turkey and the Balkan States, which if at first regarded as revolutionary by some of the Great Powers, have since met with the approval of the European concert. Thus during a comparatively short period the sky of international affairs has cleared, the dark clouds that hovered over the horizon of Great Britain's foreign policy have rolled away, leaving behind a bright atmosphere and a peaceful outlook.

To say that all this was King Edward's doing would be to say what is incorrect, and to belittle his memory. "We must not think of our late Sovereign," as Mr. Balfour so pertinently observed, "as a dexterous diplomatist; that would be to deny him the tribute he justly and fully deserved." At the same time the *ententes* with France and Russia owe much to his late Majesty's personality, which fired the imagination and impressed itself indelibly on the minds and on the hearts of the people of both nations. No more appropriate words can be found in which to describe King Edward's connection with our foreign policy than those of Mr. Balfour. "He was a great Monarch, and it was because he was able naturally, simply through the gift of personality, to make all feel—to embody to all men—the friendly policy of this country, that he was able to do a work in the bringing together of nations which has fallen to the lot of few men, be they king or be they subject, to accomplish. He did that which no Minister, no Cabinet, no Ambassadors; neither treaties, nor protocols, nor understandings; which no debates, no banquets, no speeches were able to per-

form. He, by his personality—and by his personality alone—brought home to the minds of millions on the Continent, as nothing that we could have done could have brought it home to them, the friendly feelings of the country over which King Edward ruled."

Queen Victoria's long widowhood and close retirement naturally stood in the way of much ceremonial intercourse with the sovereigns of other countries, and led to the exchange of private rather than public visits with foreign courts. Thus it happened that for many years the personal touch was wanting. The accession of King Edward brought about a new era. His late Majesty began at once to renew the friendships abroad he had formed as Prince of Wales, and throughout his reign there was a constant going and coming between the Sovereign of Great Britain and the Sovereigns of Continental nations, while the spring and autumn visits of King Edward to Biarritz and Marienbad, and his frequent cruises in the Royal yacht, gave him many opportunities of meeting and receiving distinguished foreigners and making new friends and acquaintances. By this means King Edward was able to pursue his rôle of Peacemaker without in any way overstepping the limits which bound him as a constitutional sovereign.

Sir Edward Grey has given us what may be regarded as the official interpretation of King Edward's work in the cause of international conciliation: "It is an understood constitutional practice that the work of the Foreign Office shall be transacted by the sovereign through the Foreign Office entirely. Let me say that there has been no sovereign who has adhered more closely, rigidly and consistently to that constitutional practice than the present King. I know that to be true of the Foreign Office; I believe it to be true of every other department. The King's visits

abroad have, I think, been exceedingly valuable to the foreign policy of this country. They have been valuable especially for this, that the King in his own person has a special gift, which I think can never have been exceeded, of conveying both to the government and the people to which he goes an impression of the good disposition and goodwill of the people of this country."

Nothing perhaps gives a better idea of the effect of King Edward's efforts to secure international peace, nothing perhaps is more convincing, than the spontaneous tributes paid to his memory by the representative organs of public opinion in foreign countries, and the personal testimony of men of all nationalities who admired and understood his late Majesty's many noble qualities. Space does not permit me to repeat here a tithe of what has been said and written about King Edward by foreign writers and sympathizers, but no article of this nature would be complete that omitted to give, in ever so brief a manner, some account of the feelings expressed by England's friends across the seas of the kingly qualities possessed and exercised by our late Ruler.

Let me begin with France. "As Prince of Wales," observed the *Temps*, "King Edward had prepared himself for his reign, and the comparatively short time during which he wore the crown will rank among the great reigns in history. He had an intuitive perception of the requirements of his time, which was one of transition. In the foreign sphere the ten years of his reign sufficed for him to modify, without any undue irritation, the factors of the European problem and of British policy. This task he performed by efforts which were discreet, methodical and unobtrusive, and the real magnitude of what he accomplished now stands out in clear perspective." In an article signed by its Editor, the *Figaro* says:

"Ever since King Edward's accession he gave us, by his official sojourns in our midst, the most delicate and tangible proof of his sentiments of friendship and esteem. Paris, which had been none too favored by British sovereigns since Queen Victoria paid her sole visit to France during the reign of Napoleon III—Paris, which since the establishment of the Republic seemed to have been placed in quarantine by the monarchic states, had the opportunity of welcoming within her walls, not only the great friend who had now been crowned, but also the mighty nation which that sovereign so worthily represented and in whose name he came publicly and formally to conclude the *entente cordiale* with France." Writing to the *Times*, Mr. Farquharson quoted a letter received by him from a distinguished French general: "Nous pleurons avec nos amis les Anglais le grand Roi qu'ils viennent de perdre: il aimait la France qui le lui rendait, et a donné à l'Europe les preuves de la plus haute sagesse politique; on peut dire de lui ce que votre grand Shakespeare a dit de Henry V—

Turn him to any cause of policy
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter."

These words are so happy, and the quotation so apt, that I make no excuse for reproducing them here.

Germany offered like tributes to King Edward's memory. The *National Zeitung* remarked that, "In the history of Great Britain the name of Edward VII will be enrolled among those of its most industrious and memorable rulers." The *Koelnische Volkszeitung*, after laying stress on the King's accessibility, said: "He was a mighty sovereign, who united great qualities and a sound judgment with fascinating manners. Both in great and small things he manifested a freedom of appreciation such as few monarchs before him have exhibited. He stands alone a man thor-

oughly good-hearted, a ruler who in his august station did not repress the purely human individuality, and suffered it patiently in others." Especially appreciative was the semi-official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. "The whole world is agreed that King Edward employed well the short span of years during which he was permitted to rule, and administered loyally and successfully the heritage to which he succeeded. The wide experience acquired as Heir-Apparent, the talent for lofty statesmanship which he inherited from his parents, and his brilliant personal qualities—all these he placed with untiring devotion at the service of his people. In Germany we think of King Edward with real appreciation of his personal character as head of the British nation and of a world-wide empire. Among us he was no stranger. The inhabitants of the Imperial capital especially have it still fresh in their memory how last year his late Majesty was in their midst showing all his spontaneous amiability. The German nation earnestly sympathizes with the sorrow the death of King Edward has caused to our Imperial House, which is joined to the British dynasty by bonds of near relationship. As his own people will remember him with undying gratitude, so in history the memory of this monarch, who had to guide the destinies of the great British Empire in critical times, will ever be held in high honor."

On behalf of Russia both M. Guchkoff and M. Isvolsky made reference to King Edward's death in the Duma. M. Guchkoff, one of the deputies who visited London last year, said: "England is not alone in her mourning for a wise and noble monarch. Her sorrow is shared by Russia, which has lost in the deceased King a near kinsman of our Imperial family and a sovereign who tendered great and successful service in bringing together the two great nations

whom much divided in the past and much will unite in the present and in the future." In the message sent by the Duma to the House of Commons, the words used were: "Your country's mourning meets with an unanimous echo among the representatives of the Russian nation, which loses in the person of the late King a sure and ever benevolent friend and a monarch devoted to the maintenance of universal peace." The *Novoe Vremya* said: "In life King Edward was a king-gentleman, a king-statesman, and a king-minister for the foreign affairs of Europe. In death we think of him above all as a man of noble mind, and we mourn him as a dear and kindred soul. The ties between Great Britain and Russia contracted under King Edward's auspices conform to the best interests of both countries. It was the late King's undying merit to have made this evident to his people."

The same voice was raised in Italy. Speaking in the Senate, the Marquis di San Giuliano said: "Great Britain is not alone in her grief: it is shared everywhere, and finds an echo in the inmost soul of the Italian people, which is united to Great Britain by the same fervent and unshakable faith in liberty." To Sir Edward Grey the same Minister telegraphed: "The memory of the great Sovereign who has just disappeared from the world's scenes will remain ineffaceable, not only in history (in which he has left a track of light), but also in the hearts of all those who knew and loved him—and all those who knew him also loved him."

The feeling in Austria-Hungary was ably summarized by the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*: "The fact that England is in Europe was ever present in King Edward's mind. Continental statesmen well disposed towards England attribute the extraordinary change effected in the international position of England during his late Ma-

jesty's reign as much to his appreciation of this simple truth as to his possession of the knowledge and experience requisite for its practical application. If they view the immediate future without concrete apprehension it is because they believe that the consolidation of European equilibrium effected under his auspices is too great a work to be lightly undone; and that, though he himself has ceased to preside over its conservation, reverence for his memory and the posthumous persistence of the personal charm he exercised over the statesmen who enjoyed his confidence will militate against forgetfulness of the principles by which he was guided—the principles of directness and simplicity in diplomatic dealings, of good faith in international engagements, of scrupulous regard for the legitimate interests and the susceptibilities of other persons and countries, and an entire absence of personal and political malice."

"No previous ruler," observed the newspapers of Japan, to quote the summary cabled over by the correspondent of the *Times* at Tokio, "achieved so much for the benefit of humanity in so short a time, and the nations can only bow their heads in silent sorrow. King Edward deserved to be called a god of peace and a model among wise rulers. The influence of his beneficent life will long remain active, though the tomb encloses his body. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was the first stone in his temple of peace. Japan hopes that the Alliance will be permanently preserved as a reverent memento of his illustrious deeds. All the world will mourn, but the blow will be the heaviest for Japan, who loses her most potent and sincere friend, whose whole reign is like a crystal sphere brilliant and pure on all sides."

A letter from a Turkish Field Officer to an English gentleman well explains the views of the Turkish people. "All

Turkey condoles with England in her sorrow. In our eyes King Edward was by his example a pattern reigning sovereign. He possessed the gift of winning hearts, and made throughout the world the royal office a wonderful engine for the benefit of mankind. He was the wise inspirer of all those constitutional monarchs who dedicate themselves to their peoples and strive to follow the path of duty and service. We know from many sources that King Edward ever proved himself to be the true and constant friend of Turkey. Our journals are unanimous in testifying to his wisdom, courage, and industry."

No nation is more closely allied with this country than the United States, and no people feel more deeply the death of King Edward than the American people. The resolution of the House of Representatives, synchronizing with the views expressed by the European Powers, sympathizes with Great Britain "in the loss of a wise and upright ruler, whose great purpose was the cultivation of friendly relations with all nations and the preservation of peace." President Taft sent personal messages to Queen Alexandra and King George, and Mr. Roosevelt thus expressed himself: "The British people mourn the loss of a wise ruler, whose sole thought was for their welfare and the good of mankind; and the citizens of other nations can join with them in mourning a man who showed throughout his term of kingship that his voice was always raised for justice and peace among the nations."

These references show the high esteem in which King Edward was held abroad. They are but taken haphazard, and could be multiplied again and again. But they suffice. Other writers and other nations repeat the same theme: in fact the sorrow and the sympathy are world-wide, the admiration world-wide, the verdict unanimous.

Surely no higher tribute, no greater honor could have been paid to the memory of King Edward, no sympathy more tender and more true offered to the British nation.

And yet when his late Majesty ascended the throne these great achievements were scarcely foreshadowed. As Prince of Wales he had undoubtedly shown considerable tact and resourcefulness, but notwithstanding his years, his experience, and his wide popularity at home and abroad, our constitutional principles excluded him from participation in any political responsibility. But he never complained; he accepted the position with equanimity. A devoted son, he revered his mother and shared the nation's never-waning faith in her wisdom and judgment. No better illustration can be given in this respect than the one cited by the *Times*. I take leave to reproduce it: A few years before Queen Victoria's death the late King received an anonymous letter suggesting that the Queen should abdicate so as to admit of better government under the successor. After reading it, he handed it to a friend beside him with the remark, "You see what fools there are in the world!" and added some modest remarks about his mother's wisdom and experience in comparison with his own.

Consequently when King Edward was called on to rule he had many disadvantages to face. Added to these, the severe illness from which he suffered soon after the accession, and which culminated in a surgical operation that caused his life to hang in the balance for the second time, gave rise to the opinion that for some years at least he would have to be content to lead the life of an invalid. Indeed, I do not think I should be far wrong if I were to say that this view was entertained by one at least of the physicians who best understood the King's constitution. To have accomplished the

great work he did in these circumstances, and to have accomplished it in so short a period, indicates more than words can express the power of his personality, his great determination, his marvellous capacity for work, his power of assimilating knowledge, and his wonderful tact.

Then, too, there is Germany. What passed between King Edward and the Kaiser is a sealed book, but this much we know, that both monarchs did their best to improve the relations between Great Britain and Germany. His late Majesty and the German Emperor were to have met in the early summer of this year. Had that meeting taken place no doubt a further endeavor would have been made to bring closer together the peoples of the two countries. But, as Lord Rosebery has so eloquently reminded us, at the lying-in-state in Westminster Hall there was a meeting which cannot fail to have struck the imagination of the Empire and the world, when the German Emperor and King George met and remained in communion before the coffin of the dead King. "When they thought of that meeting with the German Emperor," said Lord Rosebery, addressing a Scotch audience, "might they not hope that those two great Sovereigns, embodying the wishes and aspirations of hundreds of millions of people, might have covenanted in that august presence that they would do what in them lay to promote peace and good-will between the nations which they governed, and that in a way, too, King Edward might have left a legacy of peace and blessing to mankind?" No higher tribute could be paid to the memory of his late Majesty than that the German people and the English people should bury those feelings of antagonism which have unfortunately manifested themselves on both sides during the last few years, and that henceforward the two nations should live and progress

on similar terms of amity as now exist between Great Britain and France and Great Britain and Russia. Such a position of affairs would indeed be a glorious consummation of King Edward's untiring efforts to promote and maintain the peace of the world, and a fitting monument to the memory of one who of all men so justly earned the name of Peacemaker.

So with the Greater Britains beyond the seas, like important movements have taken place during King Edward's reign. Soon after the accession his late Majesty sent his son (then Duke of York) to open in person the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, thus "entertwining another strand among those crimson threads of kingship which unite the peoples of Great Britain and her Dominions overseas." Canada has advanced by leaps and bounds, and at no great distance of time must fulfil the hopes of her citizens and become the granary of the world. During the fatal illness of our late Sovereign his Canadian subjects followed the bulletins with feverish anxiety, and day by day the newspapers recalled every incident of the visit paid to Canada half-a-century ago, when, as Prince of Wales, by his graciousness of speech and charm of manner, King Edward won all hearts in the Dominion. New Zealand, during the same period, has reached the dignity of a dominion. And Boers and Britons, who in the early days of the reign were fighting one against the other, are now engaged together in developing a united South Africa under the British flag. Recalling his presentation to the late King when he visited Europe with General Delarey and General De Wet, "their hearts bleeding at the loss of their independence," General Botha says: "The welcome we received from his late Majesty was such as only a great man with a noble heart would have accorded to his recent enemies.

We felt deeply impressed, and with softer feelings we were convinced that the Sovereign of the nation to which henceforth we should belong we could look upon as a sincere friend. I feel deeply that we have lost, not only our Sovereign, but a personal friend, and the Dutch South Africans do not feel less profoundly than their fellow British subjects their great national loss." In each and all of these Imperial movements the late King had a leading part to play, and he played it with signal ability, and to the entire satisfaction of all sections of the Empire.

He was not a believer in seclusion: he liked getting about amongst his people and amongst his friends; essentially a man of active habits, he liked to enjoy himself and to see other people enjoying themselves, but always in moderation—extravagance of any kind he set his face against. Although not a total abstainer, he was a man of temperate habits and a firm supporter of the temperance cause. He greatly pleased the abstainers by allowing their association to be styled a Royal Association, and by issuing an order to the Army and Navy that his health need not be drunk in anything but water.

His family life was a very happy one; nothing pleased him better than to have about him his children and grandchildren. Ever since the informal meeting at Heidelberg in September, 1861—when, as Prince of Wales, he was travelling with his tutor, and Prince Christian of Denmark and his daughter were on their way to join the family gathering at Rumpenheim—it was apparent, to use the late Prince Consort's words, "the young couple had taken a great liking to each other." No better choice of a wife destined to be Queen of England could possibly have been made; his marriage greatly pleased the English people, and the hearts of the nation went out at once to the beau-

tiful young bride. Equally delighted were his late Majesty and his loyal subjects in all parts of the world at Prince George's marriage with "Princess May." All his life King Edward and his cousin Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge were the greatest friends, and when the Duke and Duchess of Teck went into residence at White Lodge, their most frequent and most welcome visitor was the Prince of Wales. In the upbringing of Prince George his father took the greatest possible interest, and no Heir-Apparent ever received a better training for his august duties than the present occupant of the throne. The constant companion and the right hand for many years of a wise and loving parent, fully equipped and fully qualified to deal with the affairs of State, King George satisfies in every way all the requirements that are called for in a British sovereign.

A great and noble monarch has passed away; one beloved of his people.
The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

ple and honored by all men; a wise and popular ruler; the trusted friend of all nations; a monarch of whom we, as citizens of the British Empire, were justly proud; who ever studied the welfare and well-being of his subjects whether domiciled in the homeland or in those greater dominions beyond the seas; who instilled into the hearts of all mankind the principle of brotherly love, and whose wisdom and sagacity gained for him everywhere, in the east and in the west, in the north and in the south, the name of Peacemaker. No sovereign worked harder or more successfully in the cause of peace than did King Edward; no sovereign worked harder or more successfully for the community over which he ruled. Vast are the dominions which owned his sway, vaster still the world he influenced. From hemisphere to hemisphere people of every nation, every clime, every race and every class mourn his loss.

Clement Kinloch-Cooke.

THE ROMANCE OF MRS. FITZHERBERT.

The "Regency Bill" which is at present before Parliament has brought several interesting questions into light, and among them that as to whether it is possible at all by Act of Parliament to make absolutely safe the Protestantism of the Crown. In the discussion of the question of guarding the sovereign during a Regency from marrying an unsuitable person the difficulty of enforcing penalties against the presuming young person who may marry the youthful sovereign has been pointed out. The case of Mrs. Fitzherbert has been mentioned in the debate, and thus one of the romances of the reigning family has been recalled. It is worth while to remember that it has only been by the goodness of heart so characteristic of

our late King Edward that the mystery surrounding the story of that greatly wronged lady has been dispelled. She had preserved certain documents for the vindication of her good name after her death, and these documents had been deposited in Coutts' Bank. But supposed reasons of State had been interposed against every attempt by even authorized persons to see those papers; until at last, by the gracious permission of the late King, Mr. W. H. Wilkins was permitted to go through them and to quote all that was necessary in his exhaustive book published in 1905 entitled *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.*

Mrs. Fitzherbert was a lady of good family, the daughter of Walter, the sec-

ond son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eshe Hall, Durham. She had already been twice married before she met the then Prince of Wales, her first husband having been Mr. Edward Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, and her second Mr. Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swynerton, in Staffordshire. Her own family and those of both husbands were staunch Roman Catholics, and she remained a member of that Church all her life. Neither of these marriages can have been specially a love marriage, both having probably been arranged for her by relatives; but each was a happy marriage. She was a widow the second time at the age of twenty-five; and after three years of becoming seclusion she once more entered society, occupying the town house which her second husband had left her, and becoming the rage at once on account of her beauty. This was in the year 1784. Some say that the Prince of Wales had met her the previous year at Richmond, and other accounts declare that he first saw her at the Opera with Lady Sefton in the early part of 1784. It is quite certain that he fell desperately in love with her at once, and that this love was something special for him is borne out by the history of the two.

At first she does not appear to have realized that he was in deadly earnest. She accepted his compliments in a light-hearted way, intending apparently to be on good terms and to avoid anything that might compromise her good reputation. At last she became alarmed and decided to free herself from an awkward situation by fleeing to the Continent. But on the eve of her departure she received a message that the Prince had stabbed himself on her account, and she was urgently asked to go to him—which she did, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire. The sight of the Prince plentifully besmeared with blood so affected her that

she was induced to go through a ceremony of betrothal with him, receiving from him a ring. On returning to her house the danger of the proceeding fully impressed her, and she wrote to the messengers, chief of whom was Lord Southampton, blaming them for betraying her into such an indiscretion; and then she took to flight. The Prince was keen to pursue her, but could not get the King's permission to leave the country. So instead of pursuing her personally he pursued her with letters, until at last she agreed to return. He promised to accept all her stipulations for a marriage which would satisfy her conscience and her Church; and she left all else to his honor.

Before the marriage could take place many difficulties had to be surmounted. The Royal Marriage Act of 1772 was a formidable obstacle. It had been passed against strong opposition in Parliament to prevent marriages such as had been entered into by the King's brothers, the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the former of whom had married the widow of Earl Waldegrave and the latter the widow of Andrew Horton of Catton. It prohibits any descendant of George II. from marrying without the consent of the sovereign. Only two exceptions are allowed, one being in the case of the issue of those princesses who have married into foreign families and who therefore cease to be under the control of the King of Great Britain. The other exception provides that if the King withholds his consent the suitor may give notice to the Privy Council at the age of twenty-five years, and if Parliament has not expressly disapproved of the proposed marriage within twelve months, it may legally be contracted. It was difficult to find a clergyman of the Church of England willing to take the risks, and a clergyman of that Church was necessary, although the lady was a Roman Catholic. In later years it was gener-

ally said that the clergyman who performed the ceremony was the Rev. Johnes Knight, but it was really a recently ordained priest, the Rev. Robert Burt, who received the comfortable fee of £500 and a promise of preferment. The preferment came in the shape of appointment to be one of the Prince's domestic chaplains and to the living of Twickenham. The marriage took place on December 15, 1785, in Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Park Street, Park Lane, the witnesses being her uncle, Henry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe, while the Prince wrote out the certificate with his own hand.

The marriage was strictly secret, no announcement being made even to private friends; but it was at the same time strictly canonical and valid. It belongs to the category of those things which are "valid but irregular." Rumors began to circulate, chiefly to the effect that they had been married by a Roman priest. All their friends and acquaintances accorded her an honored position of her own as the unacknowledged wife of the Prince. But the rumors percolated downward to the great British public; and the Protestantism of the country revolted at the idea of the Prince having a Papist wife. This affected the Prince's popularity, which he dearly loved. Moreover he was seriously in debt; and his loss of popularity and the reason for it, prevented the Whig leaders from taking steps in Parliament to relieve his distress. At last the question was forced to the front in Parliament, and Charles James Fox denied in the most categorical manner, and as with the Prince's authority, that there had been any marriage. This perfidy so affected Mrs. Fitzherbert that she made up her mind to leave the Prince, but was at last persuaded that Fox had acted without authority. When the separation did come it came from the Prince in 1794 quite suddenly. From his point

of view he was driven to it by want of money, and had to agree to the only condition on which he could get money, namely, that he should marry a German princess. So he married Princess Caroline of Brunswick in 1795, detested her and neglected her, and finally deserted her in 1796.

A significant fact is that when, on the day following the birth of his daughter, the Princess Charlotte, he had an illness which he thought was to prove fatal, he made a will in which he acknowledged Mrs. Fitzherbert as his true wife. Mrs. Fitzherbert had behaved with great self-restraint and dignity. She retired for a time from London and made no claim whatever on the Prince. The first approach came from him, after the separation from the Princess of Wales. Mrs. Fitzherbert resisted all his appeals for four years, although she regarded herself as his real wife, and his appeals were even supported indirectly by the Royal Dukes and the Queen. At last she received a brief from the Pope stating that she was free to go back to her husband. A reconciliation was effected, and they began to appear in public again in 1800. A period of happiness followed which at last came to an end through Lady Hertford supplanting her in influence, although nothing was ever suggested against the conduct of Lady Hertford. The final separation took place in 1809, and was accentuated by the conduct of the Prince in connection with his famous Carlton House *fête* when he was Regent in 1811. His wife Maria Fitzherbert received an invitation, but no fixed place; while his other wife, the Princess of Wales, received no invitation. Neither went.

Mrs. Fitzherbert never met her husband again; but she wrote to him in his last illness. He had commanded the Duke of Wellington to see that he should be buried in the night-clothes which he wore at death, and that noth-

ing was to be removed from his body. The reason for the command appeared to the Duke after the death. The Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert had exchanged miniatures in the days of their happiness, and throughout all his perfidy the King had still worn the image of the only woman whom he had loved suspended from his neck by a

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black ribbon. He was largely a creature of circumstance. The miniature was buried with him, and it gave Mrs. Fitzherbert happiness to know that he had kept her memory sacred as far as he knew how. She survived until March 27, 1837, when she died at the age of eighty years.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED ALONE.

In a deep glen among the far hills of the Western Highlands there lived some years ago an old Good Woman. The place was a solitary place, far from a road, and the house was set upon a bare hillside, and for some time after the death of her son the woman lived in the house alone. About a mile away there was the small village of Solrasa, and the people who lived in it and in the neighborhood held the Good Woman, whose name was Ann, in great respect and affection; for she was a great saint and learned in Divine things, though in this world's learning she was uneducated—being unable to read or write. Ann received great kindness from the people, and more than one woman offered to stay in the house with her until it could be arranged that her grandson should with his wife remove from his croft on the other side of the parish and come to work his grandmother's croft, which was a better one. The Good Woman, however, although she was grateful for the many attentions she received from friends, refused all such offers. She was still able to do the work of the small house of two rooms, and, as all knew, she had the Great Companionship.

Now it happened that, about the beginning of winter, a tramp came to Solrasa; and it also happened that the first person of whom he heard was Ann.

It was about the darkening; and as he came down the rocky highroad that led into the village he heard the voices of two men coming towards him, and with some furtive instinct—born, no doubt, of his past—he stepped into the shadow of a stone dyke until they should have gone by. It chanced that they were speaking of Ann, and of the unsuitability of an old frail woman living so long in a house by herself.

"Ah, well," said one to the other, "it would be well for us if we were like Ann. She has great riches."

"Yes," said the other, "she has riches indeed, and there is none that can rob her of these."

Now when the tramp heard talk of an old woman living alone, who was rich, he listened with eagerness, for he thought the men spoke of this world's wealth—of a hoard hidden in some safe place known to none but herself, a stocking-foot perhaps, filled with her savings after the fashion of the Highland people. But the men said no more, and when they had passed the tramp went on his way to Solrasa brooding in his evil mind over what he had heard. It happened curiously that again the same night he heard Ann's name mentioned. He had been drinking in the bar of the inn, and was hanging about the door, when a man who had grown maudlin over the whiskey began to lament that he was not a

better man, and then to abuse others whom he considered worse than himself, saying that he would not at all events be like Ann's grandson, and that it was a disgrace to the parish that a Great Good Woman should be left alone in winter in a bare glen like Glen Eira. He spoke in this way for some time, and the tramp listened, and now he knew that Ann's dwelling was in a place called Glen Eira, and again he brooded over the whole thing according to his nature. He thought it would be easy to frighten such a frail old woman, and by threats to induce her to reveal where her money was hidden. He slept in a barn in Soirasa that night, and next day the thing had taken firm root in his mind, and dark thoughts, not only of theft but also of murder, had possession of him.

The next day broke very gloomy, and by the afternoon snow had begun to fall. In the darkening the tramp stopped a little child who was going home from school and asked her where Glen Eira was.

"It is up the track of that burn," she told him, and pointed to where a stream ran out from among bare hills.

"Is it far?" he asked.

"As far as to the village," she answered. He was then about half a mile from the village, and he waited until there was no one in sight and then took the way up the burnside. It was indeed a very lonely place. There was no road, and had it not been for the burn the tramp might have found it difficult to discover the house. At first the glen was narrow, with gray boulders of rock hanging to its sides. Afterwards it opened out, and there was a little tarn in the depths of it, and on the snowy hillside above the tarn there was the dwelling he sought—so small, so snow-covered, that he would even then have missed it in the gathering dusk, had it not been that

Ann had already lit her lamp and set it in the window.

The tramp climbed up the steep hillside to the door, and as he went he noted that the snow was falling more thickly and would soon obliterate his footsteps. After he had secured the hoard and killed the woman he intended to strike back to the highroad, and instead of returning to Soirasa he planned to walk all night to a place where the south-going steamer called in the morning. He thought it might be days before what he had done should be discovered. He felt no compunction about what he was going to do, but only a sullen rage and hatred against those who had money and comfort while he had none. When he reached the low door he knocked, and the Good Woman opened it and invited him kindly to come in and take shelter from the snow.

"It is like to be a bad night," she said, looking past him out at the door. The door opened straight into the room where she sat, and in contrast to the bitter cold and the falling snow outside it looked cheerful. The floor was of earth, and there was little furniture, but a bright fire of peats glowed on the hearth, and there was a kettle hanging on the crook, and a brown teapot set cosily in the warm ashes. The bright-colored bowls and plates on the dresser glowed in the light, and seemed to add to the warmth of the room. As for the Good Woman, she was little and wrinkled and old, and wore a shawl over her shoulders, and a high white mutch framing her white hair. Her face was strong and calm, and her eyes seemed to see a long way.

"Poor man!" she said, "it is a bitter night for such as you. I will make you a cup of tea before you go on your way."

The tramp swore savagely at her. "I want no tea," he said roughly. "I want your money. It will be better for yourself if you give it to me at once."

The old woman looked quietly at him. "Is that your errand?" she answered. "You come to a strange house to ask money when you come here."

The man laughed brutally. "Look here," he said, "you can't deceive me. I know you have money, and I am going to get it. It will be worse for you if you do not give it to me at once."

He took a great knife from his pocket. "See here," he went on, "if you do not show me the place where your money is, I will take your life."

Ann regarded him steadily. "Poor man!" she said, "do you think you can shorten my life by the time I would take to draw a breath? No, that is not in your power."

The man gave another savage laugh. Her calmness seemed to enrage him. "You may stop that," he cried, "or I will show you what power I have."

The Good Woman was silent, and the tramp thought he had frightened her at last. She seemed to think a moment, then she crossed the room to a cupboard, opened it, and took money from a cup. "I will not deceive you," she said. "I have this money for the rent. Take it. It may be that a greater need than mine has put this sin into your soul."

For a moment Ann's words and her calmness seemed to stagger the man—then he broke into a storm of evil language—"Give me your money," he cried, "you know very well what I mean—the money you have hidden in a safe place," and he threatened her again with horrible words of murder.

The Good Woman did not move or take her serene gaze from his face.

"Poor man," she said, "there is a shadow over you that is not mine. You have shed blood already, and the voice of it is crying to you from the ground. You go in fear and trembling because of it, and you will answer for it yet to God and man."

The tramp's face grew livid, and he

staggered and glanced round as though he expected to see something. He took a step forward, but his arm shook and he could not touch her. Ann pointed to the door. "Take up the money and go," she said. "I have none but that."

The man glared at her. Then he took up the money and went out into the snow.

By this time it had grown almost quite dark, and the air was thick with whirling flakes. He stumbled down the hillside, and more by chance than by any sense of direction came to the burn that led back to the high-road, and began following it by the noise that it made. After doing this for some little time he halted. The impression the intrepid old woman had made upon him—the terror her words had aroused in him—began to fade. He stood still and cursed himself for a fool because he had come away as he had done. He had not so much as searched the house for the hoard she was keeping from him. Was his blood turned to water that he should be shaken by a weak old woman? He swore that he would go back and make an end of her, and not leave the place till he had found what he sought. He turned round and traced his way back as far as the burn went. After that he went wrong. It was but a short distance from the place where the burn issued from the tarn to the house, but the ground was unfamiliar to the tramp, and the falling snow and darkness would have bewildered one who knew it better than he. He got into another fold of the hills, and was soon hopelessly lost. He stumbled helplessly, falling over stones and clumps of heather, till at last he was bruised all over. Sometimes he went up to his knees in a peat-bog, and before long he was drenched to the skin. But it was the unearthly silence of the place that was terrible to him. Fear laid hold upon him—he seemed to be shut in alone

into a vast prison from whence there was no outlet. In the silence there were strange sounds—things falling and cries and something like horrible laughter, and always this tramp with the terrible past saw before him the face of a dead man. This lasted for hours, till he despaired of life and was dazed and broken, and all the time he cursed and swore and stumbled on. It was when he was utterly spent and had sunk down in the snow that he suddenly saw a light close beside him. He struggled to his feet, stumbled to a door, and knocked. There was movement inside, and Ann the Good Woman opened to him.

"So you have come back," she said, and drew him in.

The tramp was so exhausted that for a while he could not speak. He lay on a settle by the fire, and presently Ann brought him tea and bread, and he ate without looking at her. She went away to the other end of the house, and after a little time came back, saying that she had made up a bed for him there, and asking him to follow her. She told him to take off his wet clothes, and that when he had gone to bed she would take them and dry them at the fire. He glowered at her in silence. He was determined that nothing she said or did would turn him from his purpose, only for the present he cared for nothing but sleep. He slept heavily long into the morning, and when at last Ann brought him his clothes and he rose, he found that snow had fallen to a considerable depth during the night, and at intervals was still falling. The tarn below the house lay like a pool of ink in a rugged white basin.

It was a strange day in the lonely snow-encircled house. The Good Woman was serene and grave, and went about her household tasks as if she had no cause for disturbance; the man was now violent and threatening.

now sullen and brooding. They sat down to meals together, and the tramp was served with unvarying courtesy. Ann said grace aloud before and after meat, but she spoke in Gaelic and the man did not understand her. He was uneasy when she looked at him, and he made up his mind to wait till night came before carrying out his purpose. There would then be no danger of neighbors coming to see how Ann did, and in the morning he would make for the highroad. Ann's kindness did not touch him. He thought of the board, and his heart was as hard as the frost-bound rocks above the tarn, yet she had a power that seemed to cow him, and all day he was harmless.

"It is my custom," said the old woman when night came, "to have family worship. I am sorry I have little English."

The tramp was sitting by the fire glowering into the heart of the peats, and he said nothing.

Ann placed a large Bible on the table in front of her. She could not read, but it was her way to have the Book. She prayed aloud, and afterwards repeated a chapter by heart, all in Gaelic. Then she repeated the metrical version of the 23rd Psalm in English—somewhat haltingly, for it was the only portion of Scripture she knew in the other language. After that she went on her knees and again prayed aloud in Gaelic. The tramp moved uneasily now and then, but he made no interruption. Something seemed to prevent him. It had become clear to him that he could not frighten the old woman. Nothing he could say or do appeared to disturb her. At first he had thought that she had put on a brave face to hide her fear, but now he saw that she really did not fear him, and he could not understand it. It made him uneasy. After worship he slunk away to bed, but not to sleep. He turned the little oil-lamp low, but did not ex-

tinguish it, then threw himself down and brooded of the hoard. When the house was quiet he rose and searched the room in which he was till he had left no spot untried in which the smallest thing could be hidden. There was a cupboard and an unlocked chest in the room, but the cupboard held nothing of value, and the chest contained only the snow-white shroud which Ann, after the custom of her people, had provided for her last robing. He went then to the kitchen-end of the house, which was dimly lit by the smouldering fire. He approached the box-bed where the old woman lay, and heard her peaceful breathing as she slept. He halted,—somehow he could not do anything,—and a tongue of flame sprang up and illuminated the room, so that if Ann had opened her eyes she would have seen him standing under the black rafters with his furtive brutal face and unkempt hair, bending forward as if to strike, and yet not striking. After a while he went back to the other end and threw himself again upon the bed, gloomy—brooding—murderous—as he had been before.

When morning came the tramp did not at first know it. A high wind had arisen in the night and had piled the snow in a great drift in front of the house. Doors and windows were buried in it, and the house was completely dark. Ann guessed what had happened, and lit the lamp and made the fire and the breakfast before she called her unbidden guest.

"You are now a prisoner here until men come to dig you out," she told him quietly. "But by the providence of God you are in no danger. I have peats in the closet and meal in the chest that will last longer than the storm."

It was even as she said. The tramp could not now get away if he would. He took the door from its hinges and made repeated efforts to get through

the white barrier, but without success. Had he known it, a snow-drift twenty feet deep was piled against the door.

For three days the imprisonment lasted, but the time for threats and curses was over. The man could not now get away until rescued by other men. He spent the days in a sullen silence, whittling at sticks and throwing them on the fire. Morning and evening Ann held what she called family worship,—morning and evening the tramp sat by and listened. In the old woman's manner there was nothing that showed consciousness of the purpose he had had when he came to the house. She was always calm and kindly. Sometimes she asked him to go to the closet for peats, which he did, and returning piled them on the fire. At other times she asked him to take a pailful of snow from the drift at the door and set it by the fire to melt, for the water in the house was spent. Ann herself sat by the fire and spun, afternoon and evening, her old face strong and placid as ever.

On the fourth day the neighbors were able to get to the house, and with spades and shovels they dug through the drift. They burst into the house with eager words of anxiety and compassion, and the Good Woman replied to them and assured them of her well-being.

"Were you not desolate here by yourself?" said one to her.

"Oh, not that," she replied quietly. She indicated the tramp sitting with a lowering dark face in the shadow beyond the fire.

"I had company," said she.

It was then they noticed the man, and something in the look he cast on them aroused their suspicion. That any one should have treated Ann with less than kindness and respect would have rendered them furious.

"Has he behaved himself well?" cried

one. "Has he given trouble?" cried another.

The man's face grew darker and more desperate.

"He has behaved according to his lights," said the Good Woman, and her serene face reassured the people.

"That is good," said one, speaking in English and with feeling. "If he was to trouble you he would answer for it to every one of us."

By-and-by they went away, taking the tramp with them, but when he had gone a few steps from the house, he went back, saying he had left something behind.

Ann sat by the fire with the Bible
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beside her as usual, and she looked up inquiringly. He took the money she had given him from his pocket and threw it on the table.

"Take back your money," he said. "I do not want it."

"Poor man," said the woman, "may God have mercy on your soul, and may this sin you designed not be laid to your charge."

He flung out of the house again and went his way, and from that time till he ended his violent brutal life upon the gallows he would sometimes remember Ann, the little frail Good Woman of Glen Elra, and every time he remembered her he was afraid.

Lydia Miller Mackay.

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

It is one of the little ironies of history that the best men should so often have essayed the education of the worst princes. It is a still more discouraging thought that these admirable Mentors may even have produced in their pupils the errors they sought to avoid. Did Seneca bore Nero into badness? Was the perfection of Antoninus responsible for the depravity of Commodus? Did not Fénelon take the freshness, as well as the wildness, out of the Duke of Burgundy? There is quite another class of Royal sufferers. When the material is genuinely good and strong, is it not probable that the best-intentioned tutors of Royalty will weaken it? We are moved to these unwelcome reflections by the perusal of the article in the new "Quarterly Review" on "The Character of Edward VII.," which is, in effect, an authoritative sketch of the efforts of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to give their eldest son the moral and intellectual training which the latter elaborated for him, without much reference to the question whether it suited his position

and abilities. Here was no question either of evil culture or a hard and ungrateful soil. No one can mistake the sincerity, the zeal, the genuine piety of the Queen and her Consort, or the charm and frankness of the Prince of Wales. And yet the best that can be said of this laborious undertaking is that it failed, and that its subject remained so largely unspoiled by it. It is easy to see what King Edward's father and mother tried to do. They endeavored to make their son an image of the kind of priggish perfection which Prince Albert, with his German idealism, conceived as the proper equipment of a constitutional English king. Life for him was to be "composed of duties." "Not a week, not a day, not an hour of the time of this precious youth could safely or properly be wasted." He was to concentrate upon modern languages, upon history, upon science. His leisure hours were to be given up to music, to the "fine arts," to hearing "good plays read aloud," to "gentle exercise" of the mind. His clothes, his bearing to servants and in-

feriors, were severely prescribed. He was to avoid "vulgarity and exaggerations of any kind, especially in dress." That these gifts and virtues might be well learned and ingrained in the boy's character, he was furnished with an extensive and peculiar selection of duly certified guides to them, including some of the most accomplished scientists, pedagogues, clerics, and *pococuranti* of his day. One University being judged insufficient for the education of a prince, he was sent to four. Yet he never went, in any real sense, either to school or to college; for he never enjoyed, save through a frowning hedge of tutors, the society of boys of his own age. He passed through the University mill, without experience of its delightful and redeeming feature, which is its collegiate life. He was to be turned out a perfect English gentleman, yet he was never to know the merits and demerits of the organized society of boys which we call a public school. In a word, he was not permitted to be young among the young; and by a final touch of conscientious perversity, when he became a man he was barred out from the serious labors and responsibilities of manhood.

Under these circumstances, we can only rejoice with the author of "The Character of King Edward VII.," that Nature being, in Mr. Squeers's immortal phrase "a rummun," revolted so effectually against these fetters that when the King came to the throne hardly a single characteristic trace of them remained. He was called upon to become a stiff, bookish, and formal Monarch. He reared a remarkable edifice of personal popularity on the precise opposite of all these qualities. It was natural to him to be punctual, orderly, affable, tactful, and kind. He became all these things. It was unnatural to him to compose State papers, to study Gibbon—"abridged" or "unabridged"—and to become an adept in Schmitz's

"History of the Middle Ages." He did not read books, he read men. In his personal intercourse he achieved his success in departing, as far as possible, from the standard of the good German princelet which was Prince Albert's ideal of sovereignty. His youthful training kept him singularly aloof from his fellows; his secret as a King was to cultivate the democracy of the crowd. Probably his influence on politics was in its way not less remarkable than his mother's, but it was attained by less serious methods, as well as by an entire change of personal conduct in his intercourse with his Ministers. Queen Victoria, says the "Quarterly Review," dealt largely in written statements; King Edward's way was that of oral communication. Yet his relations with his Ministers, even the most Radical, were of a more cordial character than those which his mother maintained, if we except her personal favorites and those statesmen with whom she had warm sympathy on public grounds. Undoubtedly he lacked her thoroughness and depth; the nation, in its modern habits, must, as Bagehot pointed out long ago, bear the consequences of heaping "formal duties of business upon a person who has of necessity so many formal duties of society." But essentially, King Edward was right. The Monarchy required development on the democratic, and, in the non-party sense, on the liberal side, and this the King, as the result of his revolt from the pedantry pressed on him in his youth, was able to supply.

What was the real fault of the educational ideas of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria? Perhaps it is hard to speak of "education" at all, as applied to a future King, especially to a Constitutional Sovereign like our own, who has no material end to struggle for, neither scholarship, nor art, nor wealth, nor position, nor even power. But at

least the preceptors of Edward VII. might have borne in mind that if education has any rational aim, its object must be to give the individual the best chance of becoming what his character and temperament enable him to make of his life. The Prince of Wales was to be forced to become something which he was not and could not be. But in any case, we fail to see how any boy could be attracted by the dry list of "duties" which his father prescribed for him. It is a far cry from the conventionalism of Prince Albert's parental maxims to the noble, and for those times, daring conception of the rôle of a liberal, a "philosophic" King, which Fénelon expounded to the grandson of Louis XIV. There was something in the idea of a Monarch devoted to the good of his people, rather than to his own glory, and only repaid with their affection—sworn to peace, free trade, the arts of civilization and progress. Such a scheme was well suited to fire the imagination of a young man of sense and good-will. No such intel-

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lectual vision was presented to the young Edward VII., and there was no Fénelon to present it. Even if there had been, the limits of our constitutional monarchy forbade his preceptors to take too high a view of what an English King can do. In the nature of the case, he must be more of a symbol and an ornament in the modern State than a chief worker in it. The modern people *fara da se*—it is out of tutelage. And the modern King is forced to become the cover for a great mass of snobbery and artifice. But there remains for him also a large sphere of sympathetic insight into the life of his times. The King has the power to assess and maintain social values, to ease, though not to control, the movement of the political machine, to accept change when it comes, and stretch out a cordial hand to the men who bring it about. In the long run, no other conception of English Kingship is valid, and every wise Monarch will bring up his children in the knowledge and respect of it.

"THE DEVOURERS." *

The well-known Italian poetess, Annie Vivanti, makes her *début* in English literature with the above book, under the name of A. Vivanti Chartres. Her command of the English tongue is no less perfect than her mastery of Italian, so perfect, indeed, that she introduces an English poem in her book, the exquisite rhythm of which is the more evident when, towards the end of the story, it is quoted from memory by an old German *Fräulein*, and mutilated in the process. Mrs. Chartres' mixed descent and wandering life have given her culture so cosmopolitan a cast that she could, no doubt, have written her

novel in French or in German with no less facility than in English.

It is many years since Annie Vivanti made her first appearance before the public with a volume of poems published by Treves of Milan, *Lirica*, for which the great Carducci himself had written an appreciative introduction. This book deserved its success. It was distinguished by its wit and its passion, and even by its form, which, if not faultless, was full of grace.

In *The Devourers*, which is, to some extent, an autobiographical story, the sensation created by *Lirica* is recalled with much humor, and we have accounts of Carducci's generous protection, of an audience with Queen Mar-

* "The Devourers." A. Vivanti Chartres. (London: William Heinemann, 1916.)

gherita, obviously due to the poet's intimate friendship with the great lady; and finally, of the young Italian poets, who came to pay their homage to the rising star:—

To the Signora Carlotta's tiny apartment in the Corso Venezia came all the poets of Italy. They sat round Nancy and read their verses to her, and the criticisms of their verses, and their answers to the criticisms. There were tempestuous poets with pointed beards, and successful poets with turned-up moustaches; there were lonely, unprinted poets, and careless, unwashed poets; there was also a poet who stole an umbrella and an overcoat from the hall.

So many people came to Nancy to talk to her about what she had written that she had no time to write anything new. This last is a significant touch. For Mrs. Chartres herself has rarely found the time and mental detachment necessary for new efforts. All her subsequent work—at least, as far as I know—consists of the little prose tale in Italian, *Marion*, an episode in the life of a slinger, and the play, *Blue Roses*, a work marked by lively movement and animated dialogue, which Sarah Bernhardt once thought of producing.

Throughout *The Devourers* we hear continually of "the book" which it is Nancy's dream and duty to write, the book her admirers expect from her, the book which is again and again set aside by the circumstances of her life, and more particularly by the claims upon her as a mother. In the novel before us we have this book at last, a well-considered work with a definite fundamental idea, treated in many respects with great charm.

The idea—a simple one, but very elaborately developed—is that great gifts devour the independent life about them, and that their possessors dominate their fellows remorselessly. Ibsen treated it in his *Master-Builder*. But

here a more personal application is given to the idea, and it is shown how the child of genius annihilates the happiness and independent development of the mother. In his fine play, *La Course du Flambeau*, Paul Hervieu has already worked out the thesis, demonstrating the necessary cruelty with which the younger generation sacrifices its creators to its own purposes. But what Hervieu maintained as a general law is here asserted exclusively of the youthful genius, the *Wunderkind*.

First, Valeria must cease to be a woman, and exist solely as a mother, on behalf of the little poetess, Nancy; then the same fate overtakes the young Sappho of Italy; her daughter—like Mrs. Chartres' own child—manifests an extraordinary talent as a violinist. Finally, it is even foreshadowed, in accordance with the idea, that Anna Maria in her turn will have to sacrifice her art to her child.

This idea is as good as any other which might be used to give cohesion and illumination to the study of a career. But in the application the fact should not be overlooked that real gifts, whether in man or woman, generally make their mark, in spite of the exactions of offspring.

Although the book is written in prose, it is as poetry that it must be judged. It makes the effect, not of a long, but of a great poem, expressing and evoking a variety of emotional moods. It is poetry which, like that of Heine, is not exclusive of wit. And then, what a magnificent and colossal advertisement is the novel for the youthful violinist, Vivien Chartres!

Anne Vivanti is equally at home in England, North America, and Italy. She paints English people, Italians, and young folks of mixed descent. In her youthful days she wrote an impetuous poem, in which she expressed her distaste for the inhabitants of the island of mists with Southern fire and energy,

telling them bitter truths about their stiffness, coldness, and conventionality. She has totally abjured the faith professed in this poem. In her novel the Englishmen are all trustworthy, upright, loyal gentlemen, while the Italians, on the other hand, are unprincipled to an almost comic degree, and contemptibly untrustworthy. It is true that their women are all the more estimable by contrast. But strange to say, whereas her Italians stand before the reader as living beings, in all their weaknesses—their indolence, their idiotic love-making, &c.—her chivalrous Englishmen are mere shadows, romantic figures, who appear only to vanish.

As was to be expected from a writer of great lyrical facility and undoubted dramatic gifts, the real strength of the book lies in its style. Now smooth and delicately allusive, now fluent and fanciful, flexible in narrative and witty in dialogue, it is not too much to call it a brilliant style in its iridescent reflections of observation or experience.

The slight weakness of the book is the over-romantic fashion in which chance and coincidence are manipulated. For instance, at Monte Carlo the heroine falls in with an ugly and absurd old American woman, who takes a fancy to Nancy's idle, handsome, Italian husband. Shortly afterwards, the couple go to New York, and the first time Nancy sits down on a bench in the city, she finds at her side the old American lady, who becomes the Providence of the family when they are on the verge of destitution. Or again, as a child, Nancy was educated by a certain kind-hearted and sentimental German, Fräulein Müller. Twenty years later she meets in a New York boarding-house an old lady who looks at her attentively; it turns out to be Fräulein Müller, who now undertakes the same educational office for Nancy's child. It is surely only in novels that these convenient encounters take place just in

the nick of time! Only in novels, too, can we hope to meet Englishmen like Mr. Robert Beauchamp Leese; not because he has carried on a jesting flirtation with Nancy across the ocean by means of letters, without ever having seen her, but because he follows her about afterwards in Europe without ever attempting to approach her, sends her to America to fetch her child at his expense, and undertakes the musical education of the latter, contenting himself finally with the sublime, if somewhat improbable, proposition, that, after all, Nancy can only be a mother, and must not live for her own happiness. This exaggerated altruism will be, perhaps, more readily accepted by an English public than it would be by an Italian one; still, it cannot be looked upon as anything but a cheap effect. Of course, the mother's self-sacrifice is essential to the thesis, and the character of the Englishman must conform to it.

The best-written passages in the novel are those which describe the childhood of Nancy and of Anna Maria. Mrs. Chartres knows children as few writers know them, and her analysis of their feelings always rings true. Then there are charming descriptions of an actress no longer in her first youth, Nunziata, and her efforts to keep her hold on the affections of a young admirer, and still more amusing descriptions of the various ways in which a young, handsome, and worthless Italian contrives to lose and to earn money, both in the Old World and the New. Finally, Annie Vivanti Chartres is a mistress of the art of suggesting a *milieu*, with its atmosphere and illumination. She paints country-life in England, town-life in Milan, the feverish atmosphere that hangs over man and Nature in Monte Carlo, the depressing atmosphere of the streets with high numbers (East 82nd Street) in New York.

But she gets her highest effects in a lighter vein, when she throws off a coquettish letter, in which the jesting is as sparkling as that of a Shakespearean Rosalind, or when she suggests the contradictions of a man's estimate of himself by a few telling strokes. The following passage is delightful:—

During the long, dreary journey in an empty carriage of the slow train Nino fought his battles and chastened his soul. He set his conscience on the empty seat before him, and looked it in the face. The desires of his heart sat near him and took his part. His conscience had a dirty face that irritated him; his desires were fair as lilies and had high treble voices that spoke loud. . . . After all, he was young—well, comparatively young; thirty-one is young for a man—and he had his life
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before him, while Nancy, alas!—well, she had lived her life. And she had had eight years of his; the eight best years, for, after all, at thirty-one a man is not young—well, not so young.

Mrs. Chartres has attempted to express the conditions and demands of genius in this book. We see the ingredients of the fireworks by daylight, packed in a box, to borrow a simile from the book itself. But we look on again after dark, when the artist takes now a rocket, now a catherine wheel from her box, tests them to see whether the powder has kept dry, and lets them soar or whirr. The eye follows the harmonious flight of the sparks against the dark sky with satisfaction.

Georg Brandes.

AMERICAN PROSE.*

This book contains essays on Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Mr. Henry James; and each of these essays is a searching and honest piece of criticism. Mr. Brownell expresses himself with some labor, but he labors to tell the truth exactly, not to seem more clever than he is. Modern American writers are often laborious in this way; they seem over serious to us, but then we often have a cowardly fear of seriousness and pretend to be more at our ease in literature than we are. This no doubt is the result of our long literary tradition. So many great things have been done by English writers in the past that English writers in the present are afraid of the grand manner and prefer to seem original triflers. But the Americans have no great literary tradition of their own, and they feel that it is a mighty task to make one. They have given up the idea that they

can create a literature as quickly as they built Chicago. Indeed, now, to judge from Mr. Brownell and other critics, they are inclined to depreciate what they have done already, and to be daunted by the superiority of Europe. But at the same time they are anxious to escape from English thralldom, which seems to them, perhaps, more oppressive than it does to us. They have lost interest in those American writers who are only transatlantic Englishmen, and whose accomplishment has been too easy for that reason. Thus, Mr. Brownell does not include Washington Irving among his masters of American prose. At best, probably, he would include him among the masters of English prose; nor is he ever for a moment tempted to speak too kindly of his chosen writers. He is not one of those Americans, now probably obsolete, who think that any kind of writing must be wonderful in an American; rather he takes a pride in judging Americans as

*"American Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

severely as if they were Europeans. So his book will arouse no national prejudices in England. Indeed, we are now pretty free from national prejudice in our estimates of American books. We take them on their merits; and when we find them uninteresting, it is either because they are so or because our taste is bad. It is not because we believe that no American can write. Indeed, most of us probably think more kindly of Mr. Brownell's six authors than he does. He is openly hostile to Poe, almost angry indeed at his European reputation; he says more about the defects than about the merits of Hawthorne and Lowell; and he is at great pains to explain why Mr. James is not a great writer. Cooper is the only one of his authors who, he thinks, is undervalued. Emerson he considers the greatest of Americans; but he has a shrewd eye for his faults. In the case of Poe Mr. Brownell seems to us unjust. Poe did come off, not in his most popular works, but in the "MS. found in a Bottle," in certain short poems, such as "The Sleeper," unknown to most of those who admire "The Raven," and above all in the wonderful fantasy called "The Power of Words," which Mr. Brownell does not mention. The best of Poe could be printed in a very few pages; but in the general opinion of Europe, at least, it is the best that American literature has yet produced, being better than anything else of the same kind in the whole world. This cannot be said of the tales of Cooper, of the romances of Hawthorne, of the philosophy or sermons of Emerson, of the criticism of Lowell, or of the novels of Mr. Henry James.

Reading Mr. Brownell upon all these writers, one comes to the conclusion, implied rather than expressed in his criticisms, that none of them, except Cooper and Poe ever quite found himself, ever understood quite clearly what he wanted to do or found a form of art

exactly suited to his powers. Hawthorne did perhaps succeed completely in "The Scarlet Letter." Mr. Brownell calls it "our chief prose masterpiece." But even "The Scarlet Letter" is enfeebled by an elaborate timidity in the treatment of the theme, a timidity that conceals itself in a beautiful veil of mystery, but none the less robs the story of substance and life. Mr. Brownell insists that Hawthorne's delight in allegory was constantly harmful to his art. Allegory is usually the device of a writer who cannot deal with life as it is. He must make a game for himself out of it, simplifying it with rules, emptying it of troublesome facts; and the object of his game—how different from any possible object in life itself—is to prove something. "Considered as a creative artist," Mr. Brownell says of Hawthorne, "he writes too much like a critic; his detachment is too great." That is to say, Hawthorne wrote stories without surrendering himself to the business of storytelling. He had many gifts, but he could not adapt them all to one particular task. They pulled him in different directions and perplexed him with their diversity, so that the reader of most of his books is also perplexed, just as much now as when they first came out, because it is not their novelty but their uncertainty of purpose that makes them difficult.

Many people will be shocked to hear the same charge brought against Mr. Henry James, who is so often called a perfect artist. But does he not betray artistic uncertainty in his style? Mr. Brownell says shrewdly that Mr. James's art is theoretic and a critical product, just as he has said that Hawthorne writes too much like a critic. But whereas Hawthorne is a moral and sometimes an æsthetic critic of life, Mr. James is a scientific critic. He is full, as Mr. Brownell says, of disinterested curiosity, a purely scientific quality.

We think of him as incessantly watching and noting down. Indeed, there is often some character in his books who watches all the other characters and carries the note-book not of a recording angel, but, as it were, of some wonderfully intelligent being from another planet, who knows nothing yet of the main instincts and passions and natural laws of the earth, but hopes to discover them from a mass of observed facts. And the style is just what we should expect of such an observer. It is, and becomes more and more in his later books, a style without momentum in it—a style hampered by the double necessity of observing and recording. It is scrupulous, with a scientific rather than an artistic conscience. And the machinery of many of his novels, told thus by an onlooker of disinterested curiosity, is, as Mr. Brownell points out, rather a scientific than an artistic machinery. "Why should we not know what happened," he asks, "except as he or she could imperfectly ascertain it, since what we wish to discover is not how it all strikes him or her, but how it strikes us?" The difference between the scientific and the artistic method could not be better put.

Turn next to Emerson and ask the question, What kind of writer is he? Is he a philosopher, is he a preacher, is he a poet? He is, says Mr. Brownell, a worshipper of intellect; therefore one would expect him to be a philosopher. But the philosophers, as Mr. Brownell remarks, are very impatient with his philosophy because there is no continuity of reason in it. So the poets are impatient of his poetry because there is no continuity of emotion in it. Thus he is something half-way between a philosopher and a poet, and, like the bat, disowned by both orders. This is not the mere pedantry of classification. It means that Emerson himself was not sure of his own purpose; did not know for certain whether it was

discovery or expression; and this uncertainty of his is again betrayed in his style, which both in prose and verse is half poetic and half prosaic. He will start reasoning and give it up in a fit of petulance, just when the reader is worked up to expect some clear conclusion. He is the most wilful of writers, saying many wonderful things, but leaving you uncertain whether you are to take them on a rational or an emotional authority. Plato, no doubt, seems half poet and half philosopher; but he proves his devotion to the intellect in works as well as in faith. His passion for the truth shows itself in reasoning as much as in eloquence. He can be artist and philosopher at once, with a continuity both of reason and emotion which are seldom to be found in Emerson. Last, there is Lowell, who in the "Biglow Papers" came off indeed, saying things of eternal moment topically, as they ought to be said if they are to move us. The verse of the "Biglow Papers" is his best verse, and their prose is also his best prose—as, for instance, this sentence from the introduction to "Mason and Slidell": "I am proud that, while England played the boy, our rulers had strength enough from the people below and wisdom enough from God above to quit themselves like men." In this there is none of Lowell's famous wit, the wit that so adorned his after-dinner speeches and sometimes makes his essays so tiresome. Mr. Brownell speaks of "his eruptive and casual gaieties." The phrase describes them exactly, except that they are often more labored than it would imply. These gaieties are always breaking out between him and his subject, so that often the subject seems a mere excuse for them. Thus in an essay upon *Atalanta in Calydon* he gives us a parody of the mock-classical style in drama beginning—"Foolish who bites off nose, his face to spite." It is amusing in its way, but bears not

the faintest resemblance to anything in *Atalanta*, and indeed the whole essay is irrelevant to its subject. It explains at some length that Greek plays in English are dead, and ignores the inconvenient fact that *Atalanta* is alive.

Lowell, though he wrote a good many critical essays and knew a vast deal of literature, was not a good critic. He delighted, as Mr. Brownell says, to praise great writers, but he praised them usually as the ordinary English critic praises Shakespeare, though with more gusto. "One gets tired," as Mr. Brownell puts it, "of the undisputed thing said in such a witty way"; indeed, one often feels that the wit is the only excuse for saying it. "I repeat to myself a thousand times," Lowell cries—and quotes the most familiar passage in Chaucer—"and still at the thousandth time a breath of uncontaminated spring-tide seems to lift the hair upon my forehead." and so on and so on for some time, and all merely to the effect that the beginning of the "Canterbury Tales" is a good description of spring. This kind of writing, which abounds in Lowell's essays and in many others, is the result of a desire to give criticism the qualities of what it criticizes; to make it, when it deals with poetry, itself poetical. Now it is well enough that criticism should be adorned with incidental flowers of speech; but when, like Lowell's criticism, it is all flowers where it is not facts, one cannot but feel that he has chosen the wrong form for his purpose, or rather that his purpose also was not clear to himself. In Lowell's critical essays there is seldom any attempt at precise definition of an author's qualities. He could enjoy literature as much as any one, but he does not seem to have thought much about it, and he was content to express his enjoyment spasmodically. "His style," says Mr. Brownell, "lacks continuity." It is the same fault that we have found with

the styles of Emerson and Mr. Henry James; and in each case the cause is the same—namely, that the writer's purpose is uncertain, or not suited to his form. The momentum to be found in the style of every master of literature is the result of a sure and continuing purpose, whether emotional or intellectual; it is, in fact, the result of design; and want of design hitherto has been the chief defect in American literature, as it is the chief defect in modern English painting. The best works of Mark Twain have design; so have the best stories of Bret Harte; and so have some of Walt Whitman's poems. But these authors also in their failures fall chiefly from lack of design, or from some incongruity between the form and the matter.

This no doubt is what we should expect of a literature that begins late and is subject to many conflicting influences of mature foreign literatures. For English literature in its effects upon American is worse than foreign. It is a little more than kin and less than kind. It would have been well for the Americans if we had never had any writers worth imitating. Then the English language would have been theirs altogether for literary purposes. As it is, Whitman has had to make a queer language for himself and Lowell has done best in dialect. Mr. Brownell says that American literature suffers for lack of a background; rather, we would say, it suffers because its background is incongruous with English literary traditions. We think it pedantic in Americans to dislike the feudalism of Scott. They do so, probably, because Scott to them is a writer talking in their own tongue of things foreign to them. English readers often have the same distaste of American local color; and it would be stronger if American literature had an enormous prestige and an illustrious past, if it imposed upon us forms and traditions unsuited to our

own emerging national character. The Elizabethan drama is of no use to the modern English playwright who tries to be a serious artist, for the English drama must be made afresh if it is to exist at all. And the whole of English literature has much the same relation to Americans who are trying to make a literature of their own. It is difficult for them to ignore it, yet they can get little help from it. If there had been no English poetry we may conjecture that Whitman would not have played such tricks with language. Consciously or unconsciously, he tried to get rid of English poetic associations not only in his themes, but also in his vocabulary. When he called some of our most accomplished poets feudal, he

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really meant that all their romance would be second-hand in America, just as blank verse is second-hand in modern English drama. Whitman had great strength of character, yet he was constantly hampered by this determination not to borrow any of his poetry from a foreign source. He was, in fact, a protestant in his art, and, though he professed to be a child of nature, there is less nature in his poetry than in that of Swinburne, whose art was the natural end of a long tradition. His case is only an obvious instance of the difficulties under which American authors labor and in spite of which they have produced many remarkable works.

A HOLLOWAY DE LUXE.

TO A MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE

(Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST has publicly assigned to the Suffragettes the credit for those excellent reforms in our prison administration of which the HOME SECRETARY gave so admirable a sketch on Wednesday last. But there is no doubt another element which takes a more sinister view of these proposals.)

Madam, I never knew you fall to say

Just what you thought of *Mr. Winston Churchill*,

But, oh, the words you used the other day,

Then when he left your backers in the lurch, 'll

But feebly indicate the awful shock

Of this his latest knock.

For if he wrought you great and grievous ill

(See Earl of *Lytton*) when, in lieu of blessing,

He blasted your Conciliation Bill

And gave the thing a most infernal dressing,

What of his new proposals which disarm

The gaol of half its charm?

Henceforth you are to serve your time on toast;

Your cultured tastes will be no longer thwarted;

No more on platforms will he let you boast

How rude the prison-raliment which you sported,

Or (brutal torture) how you had to scrub

Inside the penal tub.

The rule of Silence—worst of Woman's banes—

Is to be modified; with kindred cronies

You may engage, without incurring pains,

In brief but joyous conversaziones:—

"How go our Champion Knights? What news to tell?

Is *Haldane* pretty well?"

Or should this intellectual pastime pall,

And dearth of topics make you more and more dumb,

The Suffragette at large may pay a call

And bring you books to mitigate your boredom;

Or you may speed the dilatory suns

With cake and currant buns.

Ah! what a subtle stroke is here, my friend!

How can they hope to face their death by famine,

Your hunger-strikers, when they're free to send

Outside and get a first-class tongue or ham in?

Or purchase nutty provender in piles

From Mr. *Eustace Miles*?

Madam, I mourn your occupation gone!

This *Churchill*, with his most humane of charters,

Snuffs out the haloes you were fitting on,

And spoils with too much jam your roll of martyrs.

All done by kindness! This must be, I know,

The most unkindest blow.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Mrs. Norma Bright Carson's "From Irish Cathedrals to French Chateaux," with some thirty-one photographs illustrating its text, includes more than its title explicitly says, for it takes the reader to Scotland and to England before showing him Paris and Versailles and Fontainebleau. Pleasant verses precede each of the fourteen chapters, of which the first two take one to the North of Ireland, and by the way of the Giant's Causeway to Androsson. Alloway, the Scottish Lake country, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford, York and Lincoln and London with its silent ghostly population follow. Westminster, and the homes of Milton and

Shakespeare complete the list of English descriptions. Mrs. Carson writes agreeably if not profoundly, and suggests a very pleasant, if not entirely original journey to the traveller, and a pilgrimage through much pleasant reading to the stay-at-home. Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. George Bourne's "The Ascending Effort" owes its title to Emerson's assertion that "no statement of the Universe can have any soundness which does not admit its ascending effort," and its motive to Sir Francis Galton's deliberately and publicly expressed opinion that if certain principles which

he was advocating were to become effective they must be introduced into the national conscience like a new religion. Concerning this utterance Mr. Bourne has written a series of papers showing how, through learning to understand himself and his environment, man may aid in supplementing science by conscience, and transmuting it into religion, and thus bear a conscious part in the progress of the world and the race. The links of the argument are so delicate, and its sweep is so broad, that to give any section of it as illustrative of the whole is to risk misrepresenting it. The volume deserves a careful and sympathetic reading, and many of its passages will be found notable. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The really wise amateur gardener confesses not mere ignorance as Dr. Hale used to recommend, but imbecility, and seizes any and every aid that comes in her way from the delusive seedsman's catalogue to the desiccated Botanical Dictionary, and she needs even more than she ever finds. The reason why Mrs. Helen R. Albee's "Hardy Plants for Cottage Gardens" will be especially valuable to her is because its author unsparingly sets forth her blunders and describes the expedients by which she made them stepping stones to success, "allures to brighter fields and leads the way." The truly instructive part of the book is not the classified lists in which the flowers, shrubs, and perennials of each month are arranged by color, with simple instructions for cultivation appended, but the lively narrative chapters setting forth errors and mischances and nuisances, from those which crawl and eat to those which call and pluck with no apology, the two sorts being equally destructive. The chapters on seeds, on the propagation of plants and the vices of plants are valuable both in guidance and in warning and the entire

work is written with pleasant friendliness agreeable to the reader who comes to it feeling as sorely weary as Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's Polly after an hour with "pusley." Henry Holt & Co.

It is hardly possible to avoid becoming over enthusiastic as one reads Mr. John Graham Brooks's "An American Citizen," the life of the late William Henry Baldwin, Jr. In a general way, his townsmen knew Mr. Baldwin as an able railway administrator, as a fearless political reformer, and a judicious philanthropist, equally free from weakening sentimentalism, and from the faintest desire for popular applause or self-aggrandizement and as one who, like his father, had moved through life surrounded by troops of friends. To this Mr. Brooks adds something rarer still, the view of an intellect of keenly penetrative power, tireless energy, and judicial discretion in choosing the right moment for action and the proper word for the moment. He shows an employer who could earn and win the confidence and love of his men without forgetting those whose interests he held in trust, and always remembering the importance of precedent, and the necessity of rigid adherence to abstract right. He shows one who rejoiced exceedingly in the successful well-doing of others, finding as much pleasure in Mr. Booker Washington's demonstration of achievements possible to his race as in the work of the Committee of Fifteen or of his Harvard classmates. In portraying these characteristics Mr. Brooks has found it necessary to deal extensively with American history of the last twenty-five years, and he has so accomplished his work that his book—inadequate indeed compared to the living presence, the vivid look, the moving voice—may well continue Baldwin's work among men and especially among young men. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Charles D. Stewart sets a letter to his publishers at that point in his "Essays on the Spot" which a person deeming himself commonplace might use for a preface. The publisher, in his opinion, wants a preface to give unity to the book. "I don't give a dink about the Unity," he says. He objects to talking about himself. "Right there I would [sic] want to explain myself fully," he adds. Very correctly, he asserts that whatsoever unity the essays have comes from the author's way of looking at things in general, but why he should fancy that his publishers think or why they really should think, that any unity is necessary in a volume of essays he does not explain. "Chicago Spiders," "The Story of Bully," "On a Moraine," "Kubla Khan," "The Study of Grammar," and "We" are the titles of his papers. The first talks of the webspinning half of the spider-race, and describes amusingly their work and behaviour. "The Story of Bully" is the biography of an ox, written with much sympathy for a temper rather asinine than bovine, but highly amusing to contemplate, at a safe distance. "On a Moraine," although its humorous treatment of geology and of genealogies is occasionally painful, shows so much genuine love for certain aspects of nature, especially for color, that one could forgive its author even a few more jests. The next eighty-four pages are occupied by a study of "Kubla Khan," written in the spirit of the sage who argued up and argued down, and also argued round about him, and are similarly conclusive in effect. The next seventy-seven pages, entitled "The Study of Grammar," after some fifty pages of carefully humorous grumbling as to school manuals of grammar, become serious and speak earnestly of the necessity of substituting the study of analytical grammar for "language lessons." "We" is a burlesque of the

matter produced by those who have announced the discovery of an allegory in Mr. Kipling's "They," and those who have wept at the street corners because no man has founded a large society with a correspondence bureau to explain the story to them. The book reminds one of Longfellow's "little girl who had a little curl," and that its matter is not all of the first category to which belong that young person's achievements is the wilful choice of the author. Little Brown & Co.

"Clondolino," the Italian story by "Vamba," otherwise Signore Luigi Bertelli, presented to young American readers by Miss S. F. Woodruff and edited by Mr. Vernon I. Kellogg, takes its place in the "American Nature Series," as it goes into its fourth Italian edition, and it receives the name of "The Prince and His Ants." The small American who reads it will find that he has encountered a remarkable novelty, for, although the author's aim is nothing more extraordinary than a description of the ways of common ants and of the insects whom they most frequently encounter, he accomplishes it by expending as much wit and ingenuity as if he were writing for his contemporaries. He makes his hero a naughty boy, who, desirous of avoiding work, wishes that he could be changed into an ant, and when his transformation is effected makes himself emperor of his species, wages war on other ants, beneficently meddles in the affairs of the bees, sees the chief incidents peculiar to their lives, and at last is reunited with the indolent sister who became a butterfly when he was changed into an ant. The novelty does not lie in the scheme of the tale, but in the direct simplicity of its narration, a simplicity so unlike anything written in English, with the possible exception of Robinson Crusoe and a few isolated fragments produced in its

century, that even a child must feel it. A few years later, when he begins to study history, and encounters Napoleon, he may find something familiar in his fine phrases, his proclamations, and his addresses to his soldiers, and may think of Clondolino in his hemp-seed armor when he would, had he never known the ant, have been thinking only of the little corporal and the gray coat. "I have tried," says Vamba, in the dedication "To my little readers," "to make you see great things in little creatures. When you are older, you will see many little things in great creatures." So, without any open warning he contrives to guard a child against the fascination not only of Napoleon, but of all soldiers who fight for their own glory and not for their country, and yet he writes not one word of formal caution. Such a story is worth ten lamentations over the wickedness of war, and worth a hundred attempts to convince a boy that a fighting man is not a creature to be imitated. A sequel in which the butterfly sister will be one of the principal characters is half-promised, and will be expected with agreeable hopes. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. John Erskine's "Leading American Novelists" includes six biographical and critical studies, written in the leisurely decent fashion implying that the reader cares about the subject, and is not instructing himself merely to pass an examination. The authors selected are Brockden Brown, Cooper, Simms, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte. This year happens to be the centenary of Brown's death, and so little trace do his thirty-nine years of life make upon the literary memory of his countrymen that few will be able offhand to name his books, but if they have been nearly forgotten in the century since his death, they influenced the readers of their time, and also the

novelists. Simms was as universally read in the South as Mrs. Stowe was universally read in the North, and the popular favor extended to nearly all his books whereas but one of Mrs. Stowe's was very well-known beyond the readers of the newspaper or magazine happening to publish it first. As for the currency of her novels to-day, it is enough to say that in this very book, the heroine of "Dred," without doubt by a type-writer's error, is "Mina," instead of "Nina" wheresoever mentioned. Evidently she was unknown to every one concerned in the printing and proof reading of the story. Also, the portrait of the admirable Harriet by no means exhibits the severe curls of her youth and middle age, nor the silvery framework which the years made for her kind face, for it is that droll picture known to the wicked as "Mrs. Stowe in the character of Little Eva" and represents a pensive maiden of twenty with Margaret Fuller's eyes and Grace Greenwood's hair and the expression of a Fra Angelico angel, and here again the truth seems to have been forgotten, but Mr. Erskine is more justly appreciative of her courage and industry than any of her former biographers. His judgment of Cooper is more just than is generally meted out to that severe critic of American folly, and testifies to his skill and knowledge, and the biography of Bret Harte is charitable in its reference to personal faults, and finely generous in its literary estimate. The Hawthorne biography is excellent, and is accompanied by the best of the Hawthorne portraits. Each of the six authors is so described as to leave a very definite impression on the reader, even if his mind already contain a composite picture drawn from many sources, and on those who come to it quite unprejudiced the book must have an abiding influence. Henry Holt & Co.

